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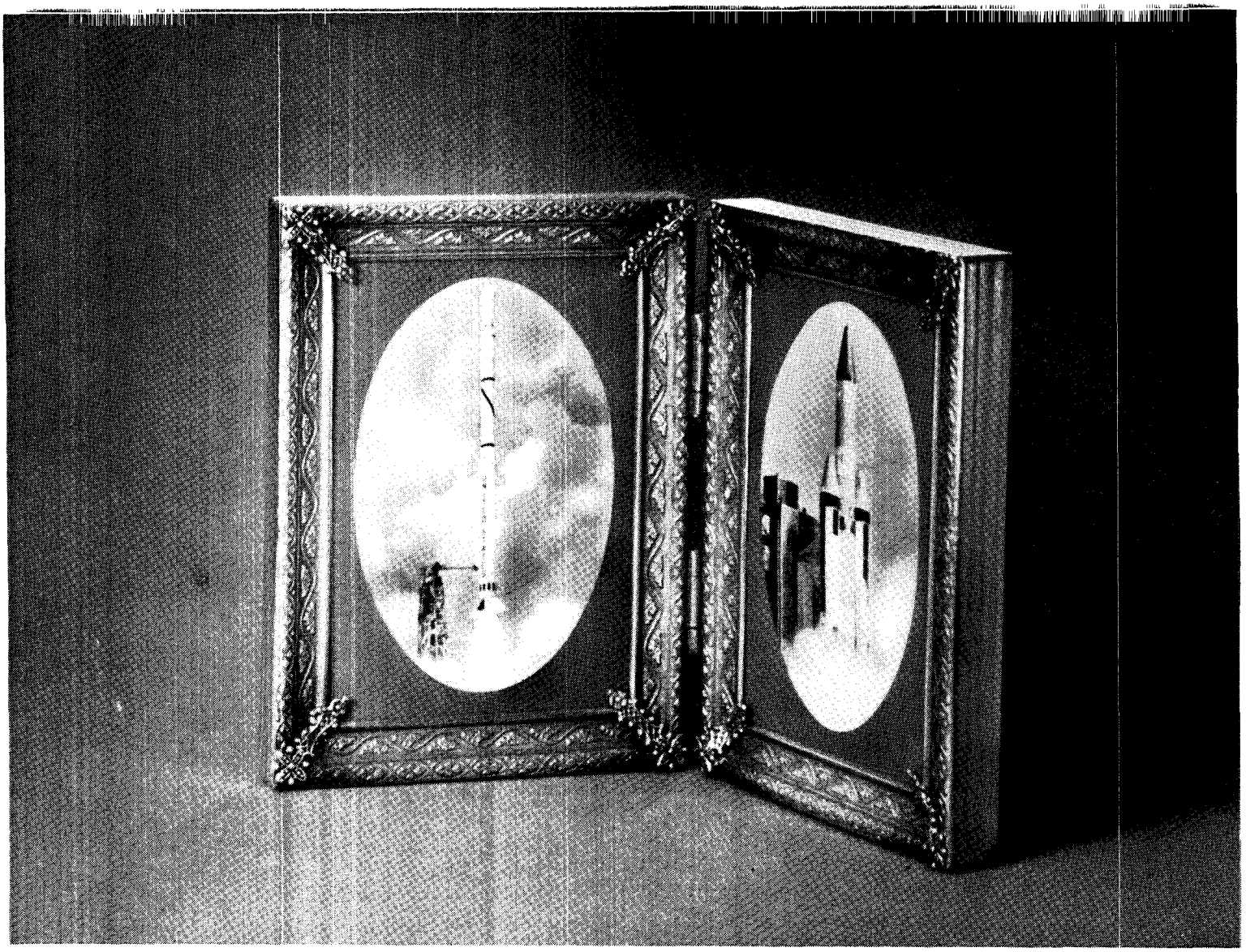

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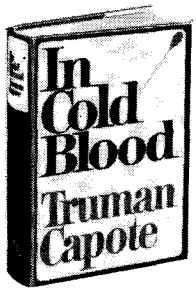

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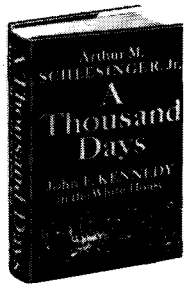

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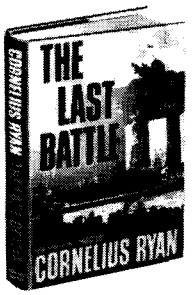

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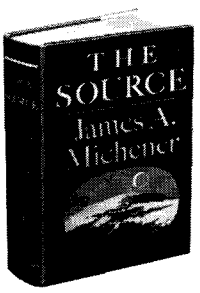

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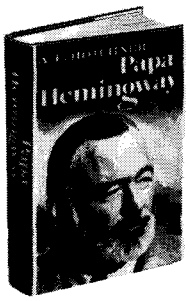

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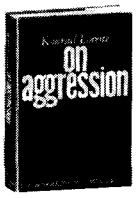

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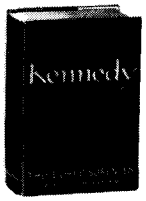

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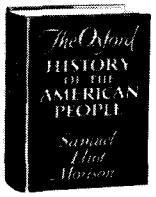

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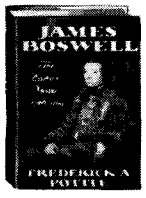

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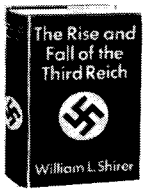

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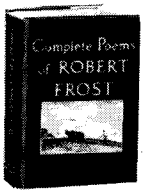

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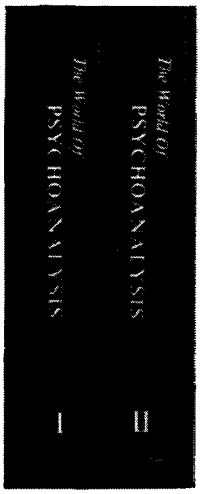

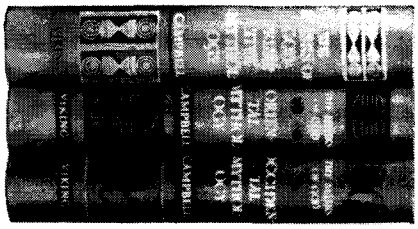

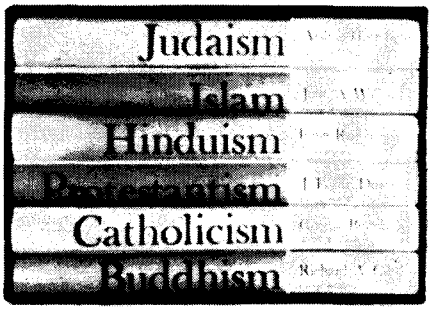

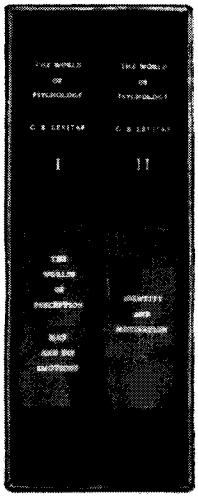

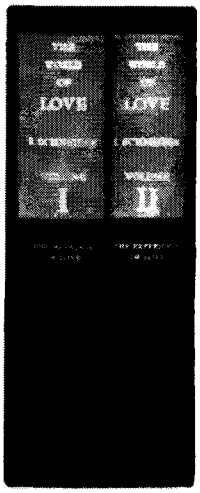

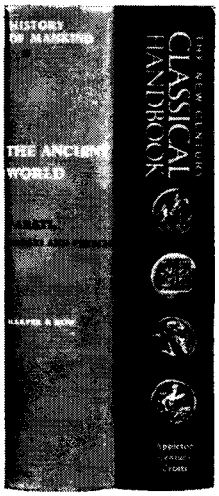

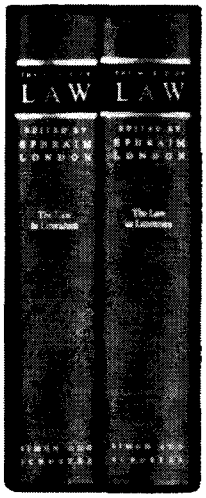

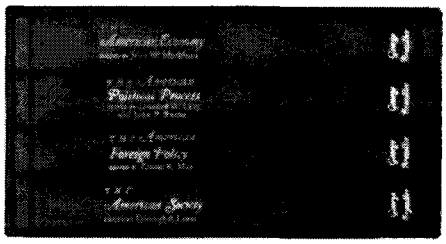

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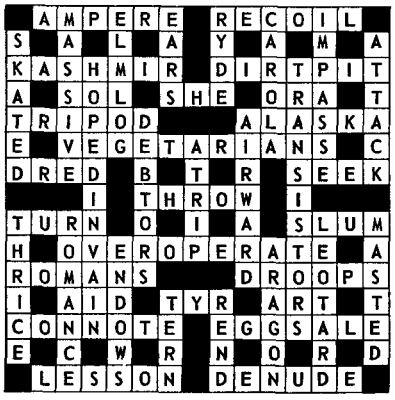

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AYUB KHAN

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PROMISED ELECTIONS in South Vietnam are only a month away. Important as they are for reasons of stability and morale in the country, it would be a mistake to expect too much from them. They will bring forth not a government, but simply a constituent assembly which will in due course lay the groundwork for the election of a National Assembly. Looking back on the provincial elections of last year (which went largely unnoticed in the U.S. press) **Denis Warner** finds that, limited as they were, they produced surprisingly representative results. He concludes that if the coming September elections take place, however "rigged" they may be, they can provide a correspondingly larger exercise in the democratic process for a people long deprived of a direct voice in their own affairs. . . . Reports from Thailand indicate that Communist insurgency in the north of the country is slowly being brought under control. **Maynard Parker,** who has served in Thailand with the U.S. Army as a public information officer, writes that trouble is developing from a different quarter. Communist terrorists in the south are now apparently in contact with those in the north, and if both should find themselves able to effectively co-ordinate their operations, Bangkok might find itself in serious straits.

SELDOM mentioned in debates over home rule for the District of Columbia is the fact that Washington's Negro population now has the vote potential to dominate any future municipal government and is showing signs of wanting to make its voice heard. **Martin F. Nolan** is a Washington correspondent for the Boston *Globe*. . . . Negro Congressman William Dawson's political machine in Chicago's South Side has long seemed an invulnerable feature of the city's life. **Richard Cotton** of *Newsweek's* Chicago bureau reports that though the machine is still operating pretty well, a few knocks have developed. . . . Meanwhile, in Mississippi, amid the uproar over "Black Power," Charles Evers, the NAACP's field secretary in the state, has assumed political control over three counties with remarkable rapidity. His weapons, as **Henry Hurt** of the Jackson *Daily News* points out, have been mainly the economic boycott and the voter-registration drive; unlike the Negro extremists, Evers has made a point of seeking an accommodation with the whites. . . . It is always instructive to watch Richard Nixon at work. And according to **Jules Witcover,** a reporter for Newhouse National News Service, Mr. Nixon is indeed very hard at work right now. . . . As a political symbol, the Berlin Wall has stood for five years as a monstrous affront to free men everywhere. As an economic measure it has worked wonders for the régime of Walter Ulbricht and his Soviet masters. **Welles Hangen's** article is based on materials from his forthcoming book, *The Muted Revolution, East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West,* to be published by Knopf next month.

A REVIEWER'S-EYE look at the currents through which modern literature is passing is taken by **Virgilia Peterson,** who offers some personal views and hopes about the directions it may take in the future. Miss Peterson, apart from being a frequent writer on contemporary fiction, is the author of *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum). . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** one of our most regular contributors, has recently been traveling in the East. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity,* reviews some summer record releases. . . . **Nancy G. Westerfield** is on the faculty of Kearney State College in Nebraska. . . . **Gerald Weales** writes about the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis. . . . **Gordon A. Craig,** professor of history at Stanford University, reviews André Maurois' life of Balzac. Craig's latest book is *Europe Since 1815* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). . . . **Hayes B. Jacobs** teaches at the New School in New York City.

Our cover is by **Tom Feelings.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

UNIVERSITY LOBBYISTS

To the Editor: The situation described by Mark Levy ("The University Lobbyists," *The Reporter*, June 30) should be of serious concern to members of the Congress and to the education community itself. The article comes as a timely warning that the whole question of the process of soliciting and administering Federal aid for education and research must be carefully examined, and that every precaution be taken to ensure that the small, newly established, and poorly endowed institutions of higher learning not be further disadvantaged because they cannot afford the services of a lobbyist. Today, ninety per cent of Federal funds for research go to less than one hundred of our best equipped and staffed universities. Unless financial assistance is made available to the struggling, developing colleges, there is very real danger that the gap between these and the nation's well-endowed centers of academic excellence will widen. If the general level of higher education in the country is to be raised, we must avoid perpetuating a policy whereby "them that have—get."

Lobbying services have been reported to have contributed to increased costs of books and audiovisual equipment for our schools. It would indeed be unfortunate if funds so vital to our growing needs in education were to be further deflected from "the first work of the nation" to pay for the services of lobbyists purported to be skilled in the art of "grantsmanship." It behooves the Congress, the several agencies administering programs in education, and the education community to work in concert to find better and more effective ways of disseminating information on Federal programs in education, especially if "keeping tabs on the Federal scene" is the declared "raison d'être" of unregistered lobbyists.

EDITH GREEN
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I was somewhat amused by Mr. Levy's reference to people in Washington as "university lobbyists." I have no doubt that patterns of university-Federal relationships are changing under the developing programs in Washington; and we, for instance, at the University of Pennsylvania are hard pressed to be sure that we adjust ourselves as effectively as possible to the opportunities which are now being presented for program and capital support.

With the profit motive absent and the government's policy of not paying full overhead on the majority of programs, the lobbyists' functions are certainly rather different than those commonly associated with this designation. However, I guess it is as good as any to describe the type of function that must be involved, which is that of relating university facilities to Federal needs and opportunities; and it is a development which I hope you will continue to explore and elucidate as the Federal policies develop.

GAYLORD P. HARNWELL
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

To the Editor: In my judgment, Mr. Levy does not sufficiently differentiate between two quite distinct problems. All universities must maintain reasonably close contact with a number of Federal agencies simply in order to be abreast of changing regulations and policies regarding the allocation of Federal funds for support of education and the accounting requirements that accompany such allocations. All of us must engage in this kind of information-seeking activity. The other function, that of lobbying for grants, is something with which I am relatively unfamiliar because we do not engage in it.

GRAYSON KIRK, President
Columbia University
New York City

WHOSE AUTHORITY?

To the Editor: Edward T. Chase ("Lindsay Challenges the Port Authority," *The Reporter*, June 30) points out the autonomy with which authorities operate, not subject to the planning procedures of other public organizations in the city. It is therefore possible for a port authority to make a unilateral decision irrespective of whether it is a good decision in relation to other activities and actions within the city.

Mayor Lindsay has been rightly concerned about this. I am delighted with the kind of leadership he is giving, and I feel confident that the city, in the future, will develop some form of control. I am also delighted by the clarity and thoroughness of Mr. Chase's article.

Obviously, I am *not* delighted at the way in which projects such as the World Trade Center have been allowed to proceed in the past. Whether the Planning Commission would have approved this enormous office building or not, it is impossible now to state. It may well turn out to be a boon to the growth of the lower Manhattan West Side area—or it may create competition for office space, which will have a detrimental effect. I am not prepared to predict the results. I am, however, eager to see that in the future the Planning Commission and the Planning Department are consulted in the first stages of consideration when a publicly supported project is proposed—particularly if such a project will eventually require action on the part of the Commission.

ELINOR C. GUGGENHEIMER
Commissioner
City Planning Commission
New York

To the Editor: Some of Mr. Chase's information is quite inaccurate, and particularly that section which mentions that the World Trade Center will be competitive with the present downtown rental properties. Actually, any commercial tenant must be tied in to foreign trade and may only have its foreign trade headquarters at the World Trade Center. There will be approximately 30,000 new jobs created here (total population in the building will be in excess of 60,000), and this certainly should help the revenues of the City and State of New York.

The pros seem to outweigh the cons so tremendously that one wonders why people like Mr. Chase don't switch to the alkaline side on projects such as this.

BEN REGAN, Commissioner
Port of New York Authority
New York

RFK

To the Editor: Would you please tell me what department issues approval or what statute gives a U.S. Senator the authority to tour continents? As a citizen, I deeply resent a U.S. Senator taking on the duties of an ambassador ("The Reporter's Notes," June 30) and doing such a "childish" job of it, at that.

The adolescent Senator from New York, with so very much to be accomplished in his own state, should be advised of his duties. Certainly our State Department should not allow him to blacken our image abroad by making broad and unfounded promises, by rousing excitement within the masses and adding to the problems of foreign leaders.

Instead of endeavoring to stay young (and childish) he should make every effort to grow up.

MRS. H. S. CHURCHILL
Fairfield, Connecticut

To the Editor: Thank you for your pungent remarks upon Senator Kennedy's "junket" to Africa. I know of no other reputable journal of opinion writing truthful but uncomplimentary articles about Robert Kennedy.

HOWARD E. GREEN
St. Louis, Missouri

POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor: One thing I like about John Wain is his grammar. "My family are back home," says his Mr. Major from Trinidad—"are," not "is." ("Down Our Way," *The Reporter*, June 30.) Here in the Northeastern states of the U.S.A., apparently no schoolma'am or college teacher has ever heard of logical number; they teach a simplified grammar. How else can I account for what I read often in respectable newspapers? Back in Kansas and California, I was taught a grammar like John Wain's.

KELLY JANES
Monterey, Massachusetts

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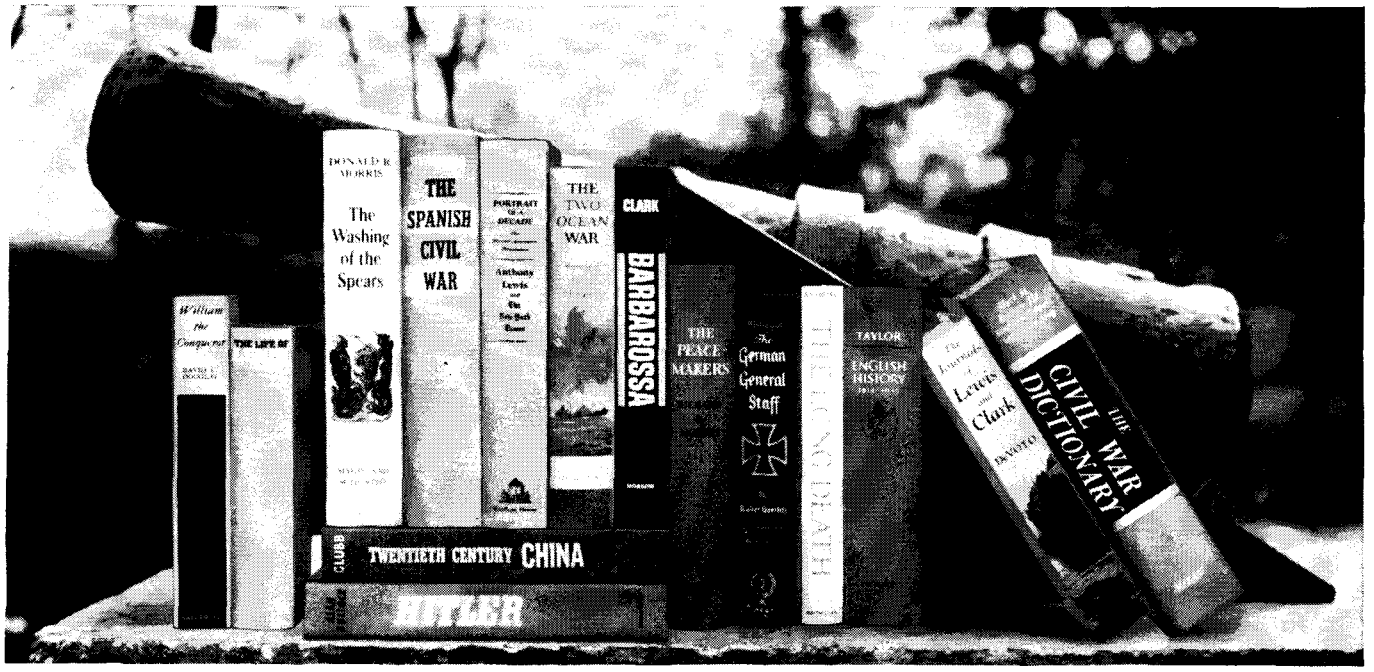

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A Matter of Understanding

There can be little question that much of the increasing confusion and bitterness that has marked the public debate on the war in Vietnam must, in one respect, be laid at the door of the administration. Despite earnest and repeated efforts, it has failed to give the people a convincing reason why we are fighting in such a distant corner of Asia at all. The range of justification it has offered has been scattered and often seemingly inconsistent. Statements by administration leaders have given grounds to believe that we were there because of historical accident, or the commitment of two former Presidents or of an obsolescent paper-thin treaty, or even in pursuit of a Wilsonian crusade for self-determination and democracy. Most often, it appeared, we were there for the sole purpose of stopping Communist aggression in a single small country. Such arguments, of course, contained elements of truth, but neither singly nor together were they enough to still the opposition, let alone swing the people at large behind the much greater effort that was clearly required. What was lacking was the articulation of a grand design which would relate Vietnam to the larger U.S. interest and purpose in that part of the world.

President Johnson has now forcefully remedied the failure. In his speech to the American Alumni Council in White Sulphur Springs on July 12, the President set forth the three "essentials" necessary to achieve "peace in Asia." Significantly, the first—and clearly the *sine qua non* of his policy—is "the determination of the United States to meet our obligations in Asia as a Pacific power." The second is repulsion of Communist aggression. The third is the co-operative building of "political and economic strength among the nations of free Asia."

For the first time, the war in Vietnam was placed in proper scale and focus. There would be no compromising on the issue with Hanoi; the price of peace in Vietnam will not be lowered in pursuit of the "peace in Asia" which the President envisaged as the ultimate goal of U.S. policy in the Far East. That larger peace, he declared, could be sustained only "through international trade and through the free flow of peoples and ideas; and through full participation by all nations in an international community under law, and through a common dedication to the great task of human progress and economic development."

THE NEXT DAY the Washington *Post* hailed the speech as "a great state document" and declared that it "makes the policy of the United States in Asia as clear as it can be made by the use of language." Certainly the President has never been more precise, particularly in those passages where he underscored the international co-operation required to achieve our goals in Asia. Yet it was exactly on this point that some of the President's most persistent critics chose to attack his policy. As so often these days, Senator Fulbright set the pace. In a speech delivered in the course of the Senate debate on foreign aid on July 22, the Senator charged that the President's policy would be "virtually unlimited" in its aims and "unilateral in its execution"; it would mean that the United States would become "the policeman and provider for all of non-Communist Asia." He feared the President was adopting a "Monroe Doctrine for Asia." "One wonders," he said, "whether China will accept American hegemony. . . ." In support of his fears, he cited a press column by Clayton Fritchey, former Director of Public Affairs of the U.S. Mission to the U.N., who is also worried about the extension of the Monroe Doctrine and "U.S. hegemony" to Asia. "Does all this add up to a policy or to megalomania?" Mr. Fritchey asked.

It remained for Walter Lippmann to top this extravagant exercise in misinterpretation. In the August 1 issue of *Newsweek*, Mr. Lippmann charged that "the Administration has gone off whoring after false gods in the pursuit of world power."

One wonders, to use Senator Fulbright's familiar circumlocution, whether these gentlemen have taken leave of their senses—or simply of their ability to read and understand clear English prose. Fortunately for the President, and for the nation, they are few in number and their influence is limited. Even more fortunately, as we noted in an editorial note of our issue of July 14, a number of Asian governments and their leaders have no trouble at all in understanding the President's messages. They are already at work on their mutual problems within the framework of trans-Pacific co-operation which the President has now set forth as one of the cornerstones of U.S. policy in Asia.

And Now Cleveland

Judging by the amount of construction work that has been going on in Cleveland during recent years, the place is thriving. A businessman leaving his office at the end of the day and driving east to his home in one of the city's comfortable suburbs would find the scenery depressing only during the few minutes it took him to travel from Erieview to University Circle. For in that area, spreading southward from the lake, he would see almost nothing but garish bars, bleak store-front churches, and dilapidated tenements. This is where nearly all of Cleveland's Negroes live. And it was in the center of this area, around Hough Avenue, that rioters turned out late last month with

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All this background paid off . . . both for Miss Maximena and for General Motors. As Reference Librarian at the Research Laboratories Library at the General Motors Technical Center, she's the daily target for such questions as: What is Poisson's ratio of tetrafluorethylene? What is the daily gasoline consumption in Los Angeles County? What is the thermal conductivity of a certain steel alloy? Miss Maximena is expected to and *invariably does* come up with right answers. Her long experience, perception and skill enable her to put her finger on difficult answers quickly and accurately.

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fire bombs, rifles, and rocks to burn and loot and kill until the National Guard was called in.

A number of explanations of the Hough explosion have been put forward by Negro leaders in Cleveland. The contrast between the rapidly deteriorating Negro neighborhoods and the gleaming new buildings of Erieview and University Circle recently prompted Negro City Councilman Leo Jackson to threaten to hold up the development of a new state university in Cleveland until something was done about housing for Negroes. Quite a few Hough residents took part earlier this summer in a ten-day walk from Cleveland to Columbus as a dramatic means of urging Governor James A. Rhodes to use some of the state's surplus funds to increase relief allowances, on which about a third of the people in the Hough area depend for subsistence. Governor Rhodes told them there was nothing he could do for them.

The feeling of impatience and despair over the normal processes of government among Hough residents has perhaps been expressed most forcefully by Lewis Robinson, who was accused during the riots of running a school for the construction of fire bombs. "Civil-rights demonstrations are passé," he said. "It has been shown that they do not accomplish what needs to be done about the problems of the Negro today. Riots will recur again and again in Cleveland and in other cities. Unfortunately, they are necessary to make people see the problems which exist in the ghettos."

A very different and much more moderate view of the situation was expressed by Democratic State Representative Carl Stokes, who last November narrowly missed becoming the first Negro mayor-elect of a major United States city. "Most Negroes are realistic," he said shortly after the Hough riots. "Even if great progress is not made quickly, they respect honest efforts to help." The crucial condition for a riot, he said, is the absence of any forces within the Negro community to counterbalance feelings of frustration and hopelessness. "In Cleveland, Negro leaders have been unable to offer any evidence of hope and progress," he went on. "There was nothing but despair to feed on itself. And a long list of studies, plans, and broken promises."

Another Negro leader, who prefers anonymity, feels that while Robinson's firebrand views offer no hope, Stokes's approach is too simple. Although teen-age boys are generally blamed for most outbursts of violence in big cities, this leader said, it was adult men who caused most of the trouble in Hough. In most slum areas, the adult Negro male is a hard man to find on most occasions. He has dropped from relief rolls almost entirely—less than ten per cent of the twelve thousand families on relief in Cleveland are headed by a father. He even appears to be disappearing from unemployment and census figures. And during this outbreak, for the first time, we were seeing him out on the streets. His head never seemed so high and his shoulders so squared."

All these comments are much to the point. Even more important is the matter of record: the first plans and projects to alleviate conditions in Hough were proposed nine years ago. An urban renewal program, announced six years ago, has yet to rehabilitate one house in Hough.

Poll Vault

When we last looked in on Minnesota's Democratic Farmer Labor Party ("Minnesota's Democrats Try to Dump Their Governor," by Richard Steele, June 2, 1966), a close and bitter convention fight was pending for the gubernatorial nomination between the incumbent, Karl F. Rolvaag, and the state's lieutenant governor, A. M. (Sandy) Keith. The convention got under way on June 17, and at the end of two anguished days of deadlock, Keith won party endorsement for the nomination. It was generally expected that in the face of such humiliation Rolvaag would drop any intention of entering the September primary contest. But what has happened to Rolvaag since then indicates that there are times when nothing succeeds like defeat.

In the first confused days that followed his repudiation by the DFL, Rolvaag refused to take himself out of the primary running. Then the breaks began to come his way. Rolvaag had won his incumbency in 1962 by a margin of only ninety-one votes, and one of the most devastating weapons the Keith forces used against him was a collection of polls showing that Rolvaag's popularity had declined so markedly that he could not beat any Republican gubernatorial contender except an uninspiring right-wing lawyer from St. Paul named Harold Le Vander, who was unlikely to be nominated anyway. Following the DFL convention, the Republicans nominated none other than Harold Le Vander.

There was more. During the convention deadlock, the stupefied Rolvaag delegates had appeared unable to think of much to say except that their candidate was "a good man" or "an honest man." The imagery apparently took hold and was transformed by Rolvaag's defeat into a view of the proceedings as the overthrow of a decent, worthy soul by ambitious, aggressive, boss-controlled forces. The polls began to shift. On July 9, Rolvaag announced that he intended to make the primary fight after all. Since that time, the major labor unions in Minneapolis and St. Paul have declared their support for him.

The time has now passed when either candidate might have legally taken himself out of the race, and a ferocious, divisive contest is assured. One month after the convention the respected Minnesota Poll, put out by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, disclosed that between June and July, "Rolvaag has gained popularity while Keith has lost ground . . . . the changes are strongest among members of the Democratic Farmer Labor Party." Some of the DFL's leaders, who are trying desperately to keep out of the battle, believe that Rolvaag still does not have the strength to win in the primary. If he does, however, there may well be an equally sudden (if by then useless) outpouring of good feeling for Keith. Trained observers who have long been concerned with the effect of the polls on the outcome of political contests could do worse than to study Minnesota, where the outcome of the contest is having such an effect on the polls.

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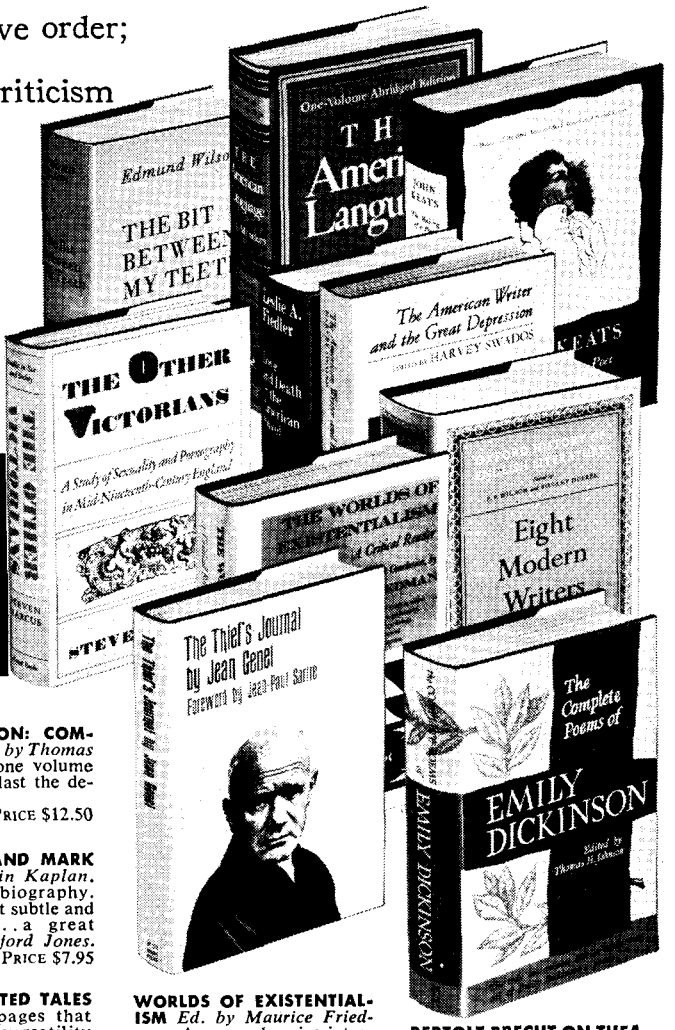
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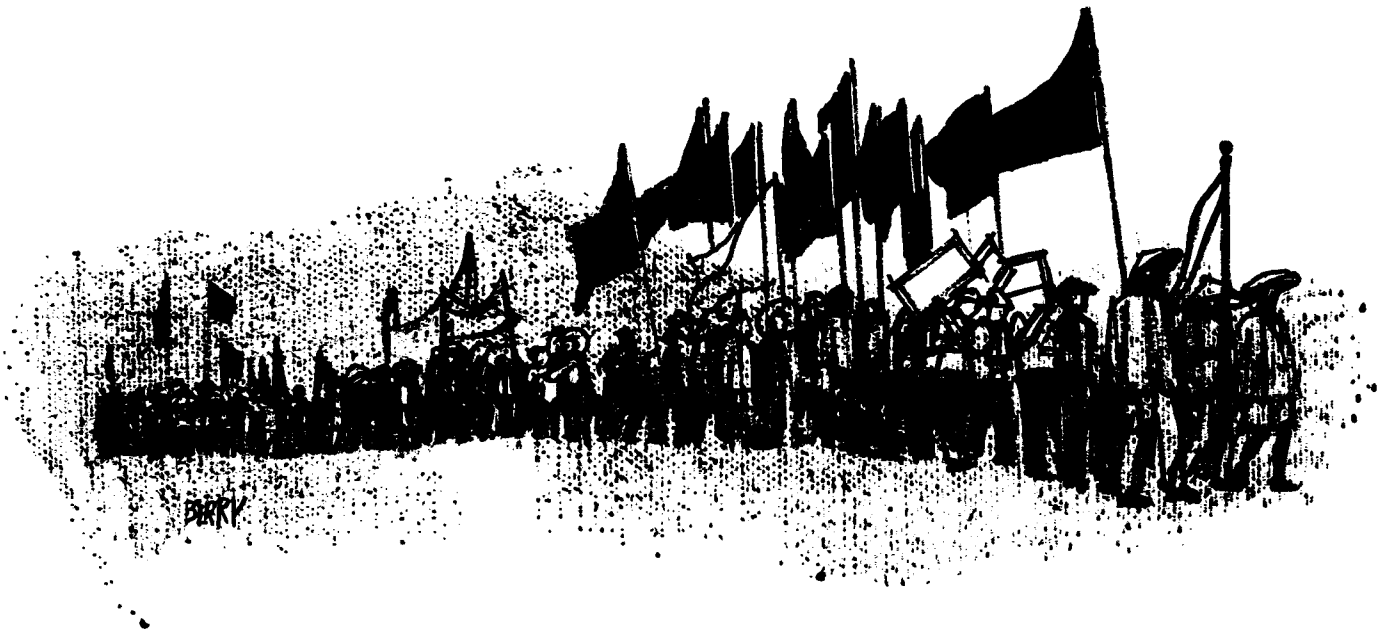

Vietnam Prepares for Elections

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

ON MAY 30, 1965, 3,466,523 South Vietnamese in forty-four provinces and five cities, seventy-two per cent of the country's registered voters, went to the polls to elect 471 provincial and municipal councillors. The elections attracted almost no attention abroad and certainly less than was warranted in Vietnam. This was due to a variety of reasons: the powers of the elected councils were to be purely advisory; the civilian-led government of Dr. Phan Huy Quat was in its death throes; the Vietcong dominated most of the countryside; and in all previous elections democratic practices had hardly been adhered to.

Today, however, with the government of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky committed to the promise of national elections for a constituent assembly on September 11, last year's elections deserve scrutiny.

To begin with, the holding of any sort of elections was quite an achievement, as was the fact that they were unaccompanied by ballot stuffing and other fraudulent practices of the past. Moreover, for people all over the country to turn out under such disadvantageous conditions and in such remarkable numbers appeared to be a vindication of those who believe that constitutional progress and political reform do not need to wait on the defeat of the Vietcong.

It was not easy to vote. For security reasons, polling booths were established only in Saigon and the provincial and district capitals—and not always in the latter. Yet on foot, by bicycle, bus, and oxcart, in automobiles and cyclos, almost three quarters of the 4,693,371 registered voters got to the polls. With the total population under Saigon control then numbering only 9,408,305, this was a significant turnout, and it would have been even bigger if the polls had stayed open until six instead of closing in the heat of the day at four.

The Vietcong treated the elections with indifference. No doubt this accounted in part for the high vote. It is well to keep in mind, however, that they are most unlikely to remain aloof when the national elections are held. The stakes are higher now and the Vietcong can see that their interests are more directly involved.

To be sure, the councils elected in the May, 1965, vote have not had a wide or important influence on political affairs. Even so, the more energetic and influential ones have succeeded in creating at the lower levels of the society a consciousness of the value of representative government that could begin to challenge the Vietcong at the grass roots. Lacking power and responsibility, the councils had everything to gain in public support by the wholehearted espousal of popular causes. Many made the most of their chance.

The worst of the councils have been no more than long-winded and pointless debating societies, which the province chiefs have chosen to ignore. Others have pressed for and won impressive reforms. In addition,

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mayors and province chiefs have found that they can use the councils to test new plans and ideas and that responsible councils are extremely useful as a shock absorber against resentment of unpopular but necessary executive action. All in all, the system has worked well.

"We have tried to teach by example, and I believe we have succeeded," said Dr. Phan Quang Dan, who recently retired as chairman of the council in Gia Dinh, the province that surrounds Saigon. He is now devoting himself to the organization of the National Democrats, a new party which will cross all religious boundaries and which he hopes will win a substantial number of seats in the elections for the constituent assembly.

Electoral Hurdles

Like many other candidates, Dr. Dan was much more pleased with the results of last year's elections than he was with the electoral machinery, which had many flaws and weaknesses. The ministry of the Interior's regulations borrowed far too heavily from those of the Diem era, when elections were intended merely to demonstrate collective loyalty to the established authority.

In those days, candidates were not expected to air views in opposition to the government. Anyone suspected of harboring contrary views was screened out at the nominating stage. The few who managed to slip through—this usually occurred in Saigon, where the régime relaxed its control in deference to western criticism—might expect to find themselves brought before the courts and disqualified on a technical pretext. In the 1959 National Assembly elections, for instance, one candidate was disqualified because his posters exceeded the regulation size by a minute fraction.

There were no lengths, including the ludicrous, to which the Diem government would not go to keep the opposition out of the Assembly. A woman was disqualified because the picture on one of her posters had taken the fancy of a street artist who had decorated her upper lip with a mustache. Dr. Dan, who in 1959 won thirty thousand votes more than his government opponent in Saigon, was charged with having used his clinic to give free medical assistance to voters. He was not permitted to take his seat, and the next year was arrested, as was Phan Khac Suu, later Chief of State, who enjoyed the distinction, however briefly, of having been the only independent candidate ever allowed to take his seat in the Assembly.

In last year's provincial elections, candidates were spared these excesses but not the restrictions that Diem had employed to prevent free discussion. A magistrate presided over the committee that was set up in each municipality and province to examine the candidates' credentials, and the committees in turn had access to government dossiers. A criminal background or Vietcong affiliations were immediate cause for disqualification. This was reasonable enough, but in some cases the requirement that a birth certificate be produced resulted in the rejection of Montagnard tribesmen and others for circumstances that were clearly no fault of their own.

THE GOVERNMENT set the level of a candidate's election expenses and paid for them. It printed his posters and leaflets to a regulation size and number, arranged his meetings, and rationed the time that he was permitted to address voters or to answer their questions. Unofficial meetings were discouraged. A candidate could speak to no more than five voters on the street and not more than twenty in a private home. Except for officially sponsored meetings, at which all candidates spoke in turn and often for no more than five minutes, the government provided no protection to candidates wishing to travel about their electorates. It restricted the campaigning period to two weeks. With all expenses met and no forfeit of deposit required for those who failed to receive a certain minimum of votes, the final lists of candidates included many who regarded the election as a lark. Everywhere, too little was known about too many candidates.

Saigon was the only city divided into electoral wards, each of which returned from three to five candidates. In the other cities—Hué, Danang, Dalat, and Vung Tau—and in the forty-four provinces, voters sometimes were called on to choose from fifty or more candidates and to vote for up to fifteen. The electoral law simply required that electors should vote for as many candidates as they wanted to within the limits of those to be elected. But nowhere did election officials understand this provision; and the voters, faced with voting for up to fifteen candidates, sometimes chose at random.

In other respects, the mechanics of the election made better sense. Candidates were required to have reached the age of twenty-five and to have been born in their constituencies or to have lived in them for at least six months. All Vietnamese citizens who had reached the age of eighteen, and therefore possessed an identity card were entitled to vote. Voting was not compulsory. Those wishing to exercise their option were required to call at the nearest police station to register and to pick up an electoral card, which they exchanged for voting cards at the polling booths on the day of the election. The latter contained the name and symbol of each candidate. Religious symbols were banned, but Buddhist candidates showed a strong preference for the red lotus.

No Balanced Tickets

The extent to which the results last year reflected the genuine wishes and intentions of the voters, and how far this experience may safely be used to assess the risks and dangers of the elections for the constituent assembly, are important questions.

Though some of the 1965 candidates complained that the confusion at the polling booths had turned the election into little more than a lottery, the results generally appeared to reflect local political and religious strengths quite accurately. Good candidates got a good response. In Gia Dinh, Dr. Dan repeated his 1959 Saigon success by topping the poll. Running in a field of fifty-two, he received 79,297 votes out of a total of 284,000. Only in Thua Thien Province, a Buddhist stronghold, was his plurality exceeded. The Buddhists of Thua Thien turned out in strength, 85.7 per cent of the 183,000 registered voters going to the polls. Their top candidate polled 95,217 votes, three received more than

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80,000, and two others were in the high 70,000s.

In Quang Nam and Quang Ngai, the provinces in which the Vietnamese Kuomintang Party has been firmly established for many years, the party swept the board, winning all twelve seats in each province. In Tay Ninh, the center of the Cao Dai sect, which blends elements of Christianity, Buddhism, Taoism, and spiritualism and claims Victor Hugo as one of its patron saints, the twelve elected councillors were all Cao Daiists. Similarly, in the western delta province of An Giang, where the Hoa Hao Buddhist sect flourishes and Vietcong influence is minimal, the vote was solid for Hoa Hao candidates.

Where the Catholics are strong, the vote was also strongly in their favor. Gia Dinh, for instance, contains several villages made up entirely of Catholics who fled from North Vietnam in 1954. Four of the province's elected councillors, including one woman, were Catholics. Saigon's fifth district is the predominantly Chinese city of Cholon. Here, four of the five elected councillors were of Chinese descent.

Outstanding independents invariably ran well. Three rival political leaders, including Dr. Hoang Co Binh, who was given the thankless task of trying to hold Hanoi together after the fall of Dienbienphu in 1954, won in Saigon's first district. Mrs. Tran Kim Thoa, a social militant, won in the second district, and a doctor well known for his work among the poor in the third. Candidates who had sold their leaflets and posters on the black market as wastepaper ran where they deserved: at the bottom. The winners included men and women from all social classes, among them ninety-nine men from business and industry, eighty-eight peasants, forty-five who were independently employed, forty-four civil servants and servicemen, twenty-nine laborers, eighteen landlords, eight women, and three students.

The Optimism of Dr. Dan

In short, if the promised September elections for the constituent assembly should produce equally representative results, they might well launch South Vietnam on the road to real political development. A few leaders of stature, notably Dr. Dan, not merely welcome the constituent assembly elections but are convinced that they will mark a turning point in the war. Others vary from doubt to the gloomy prediction that only the Vietcong can win.

The growth of the militant monk Tri Quang's Struggle Movement in central Vietnam and even in centers such as Dalat, and the heavy Communist ring to its propaganda, were among their primary causes for concern in April and May. "The moderate Buddhists, the Catholics, the Hoa Hao, and others who can be counted on to be anti-Communist number no more than four million," said one Vietnamese politician. "Tri Quang and the Vietcong together could control perhaps eight million people and certainly a minimum of five million. Don't forget that this time the Vietcong will be actively engaged. Candidates and electors will be threatened with murder, intimidation, and violence."

While the Vietcong threat remains, Tri Quang's organized political movement has collapsed under armed pressure from Ky and influences generated from within the moderate faction of the Unified Buddhist Church. No doubt militant Buddhism will reappear as a significant political force—but not before September 11. Deprived of the machinery to coerce Buddhist voters, Tri Quang's followers also lack candidates of stature. Moreover, the system of proportional voting is weighted against them. Of the forty-nine constituencies, twenty-five will elect two deputies each and the remainder one each. In the two-deputy constituencies—and these include areas where the militant Buddhists command their biggest following—proportional representation will protect minority groups against the sort of clean sweep the Buddhists had in Thua Thien Province last year.

Always an ardent advocate of the elections, Dr. Dan believed that governmental strength in the pre-election period should ensure the elimination of Vietcong members and sympathizers from the rolls. "Tri Quang will swear they are Buddhists and not Vietcong," he said, "but the elimination of candidates with Vietcong affiliations must be made on the basis of the facts and not according to what Tri Quang says." If anything, the electoral committee erred on the side of caution in accepting Dan's advice.

Dan himself, now forty-seven, has been preparing for eleven years to make his bid. Following what an American official called his "superb" chairmanship of the National Political Congress in April, his reputation and popularity are even greater than they were in 1955, when Bao Dai, then Chief of State, asked him to replace Premier Ngo Dinh Diem.

EXCEPT for three years in prison during Diem's rule, Dan's home since he returned to Vietnam after winning his doctorate in public health at Harvard has been the cramped and narrow quarters above his clinic in the main Gia Dinh market. He avoids the social activities of his political contemporaries. Both as a doctor and a politician, he has dedicated his life to the poor. In the morning the sick come, and in the afternoon the citizens have their turn—market stallholders plagued by corrupt tax collectors, lottery-ticket vendors whose profits have been grabbed by unscrupulous middlemen, squatters ordered from the environs of Tan Son Nhut airport, scooter drivers denied licenses. Scratch any section of Vietnamese society and the corruption is revealed; Dan, as chairman of the Gian Dinh provincial council during last year, dug deep.

By achieving genuine reforms, he won almost total support in the province. By promising such changes as a genuine and radical land-reform campaign and by allying himself with local candidates known for their good character, incorruptibility, and local appeal, he believes that his National Democrats, running under his own symbol of the rising sun, will also have national appeal. "I think Dan could win any district in the country," one of his opponents told me, "but I couldn't vote for him. He's too dictatorial, like Diem."

The description was far from accurate. Dan is different from other Vietnamese political leaders, but not in the way his critic suggested. He shunned the political get-

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togethers that followed the April 15 decisions on elections because he felt that even the best of the many parties were all hopelessly out of touch with the Vietnamese people. "We will cross the religious lines and I think we will get votes," he predicts.

Democracy vs. Coup

Time may or may not prove Dan right. Though Ky has consolidated his power more firmly than ever before, the political churn continues to turn. "If we were to have a coup d'état and remove Thieu and Ky, then we wouldn't need an election and wouldn't have to decide," said a moderate Buddhist when the crisis was at its peak. At that time, with the political bandwagon apparently rolling their way, the militant Buddhists clamored for elections. Deprived now of the machinery with which they intended to control the polling in central Vietnam and elsewhere, they have declared an election boycott in which some of the Catholic factions, for reasons of their own, have joined.

This is the sort of political shilly-shallying that has bedeviled Vietnamese politics and contributed much toward the instability of the non-Communist side. Some of the moderates' fears of the election dangers are valid enough, and it would be incautious not to expect the National Liberation Front to attempt to upset what it has already denounced as a "fraud"; but the simple safeguards necessary to restrain Vietcong supporters from running as candidates, whatever their masquerade, have not been beyond the ingenuity of the government.

Whether the government will be ready to apply reasonable restraints to itself is another question. The Buddhists, moderates and extremists alike, and most political groups had expected that the constituent assembly would, in the process of drawing up the constitution, turn itself into a National Assembly from which a new government would be drawn. They were mistaken. By rejecting the drafting committee's proposals that the constituent assembly should have legislative powers and insisting on a second election for the national assembly, Ky ensured the prolongation of military government until next year, confident that by then the country will accept as its new "civilian" leadership the military leadership of today.

Ky's model is Korea's General Park Chung Hee. Having seized power by coup d'état in May, 1961, Park and Colonel Kim Chong Pil, formerly the head of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, organized the Democratic-Republican Party. Two and a half years later, in the presidential election of October, 1963, Park scraped home in front of Yun Po-sun of the Civil Rule Party. Lacking time to create a government party before the constituent assembly elections, Ky will rely on makeshift alliances among disparate political groupings in the hope that this will give the military a dominant voice in the constituent assembly and a nucleus on which to build for the National Assembly elections next year.

SINCE the military and paramilitary forces and their families are a substantial proportion of the voters, and since all but two of the province chiefs are military men dependent on Ky for future promotion, it will not be surprising if junta-favored candidates find the campaigning going very much in their favor. It would be excessively optimistic under these circumstances to expect that the constituent assembly elections, on which so much more depends, will be as pure as the interesting but not very meaningful provincial and municipal elections last year, though the inquiring presence of several hundred American and other western newspapermen is calculated to prevent the worst of the excesses that characterized elections under Diem.

With all due allowances for "irregularities," the elections, if they take place, must be considered a substantial political advance. By its nature, the Vietnamese military leadership is at best a coalition of politically incompatible forces. The coups of the past did not occur by accident; they reflected accurately enough the tensions and ambitions of successive waves of military leadership. Elected government, whether led by civilians or by military men like Ky, will not necessarily prove more stable, but whether it takes the form of the British system with a cabinet responsible to parliament or, preferably, favors the American presidential system, the benefits of identifying the people with government would seem to far outweigh both the risks and disadvantages. A chronic weakness in the international image of the government of South Vietnam since the assassination of Diem has been its lack of constitutional legality. The promulgation and enactment of a constitution by an elected asembly will do much to silence critics on this score. Its effect inside Vietnam is likely to be even more important. To fight in the name of democracy and yet to be afraid of democracy itself would be to reject what was certainly a most encouraging sign on May 30 last year: the clearly expressed wish of the Vietnamese people to identify themselves with the conduct of their affairs.

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Squeeze Play In Thailand?

MAYNARD PARKER

Unnoticed in Thailand's well-publicized reaction to the Communist insurgency in its impoverished northeastern provinces has been the reappearance of the long-quiescent Communist terrorist movement in southern Thailand. The Communist terrorists, who were long regarded by some American officials as little more than bandits, have made their presence felt during recent months with political assassinations, enforced taxes, and secret propaganda meetings. Even more startling was the capture by Thai security forces of Communist documents linking the guerrillas in the northeast with those in the south. The link, which could eventually place Bangkok within a Communist pincers, is believed to have been forged in Peking by a veteran Thai Communist, Mongkon Na Nakorn. A long-time resident of the southern Thai province of Trang, Mongkon knows the Communist movement in that area well. He left Thailand last February for Peking, where he now heads the Thai branch of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee.

The C.T.s, as they are called by the Americans, became a Thai problem twelve years ago when the British chased them over the border from Malaysia during the closing days of the emergency there. Led by the Communist revolutionary Chin Peng, who had directed the wartime resistance against the Japanese in Malaya before turning on the British, the C.T.s quickly vanished in the jungle that cloaks the razorback mountains of the south. The British and later the Malaysians repeatedly asked the Thai government to cooperate in mopping up the insurgents, but each time Bangkok refused. Left alone, Chin Peng quietly established Communist control over large areas of the rubber-producing south, whose populace, unlike the remainder of Thailand, is ethnically Malay instead of Thai and prays to Allah rather than to Buddha. Acting under the banner of the Malaysian Liberation Front, the C.T.s did little to expand their movement, seeming content to collect taxes from rubber planters, cultivate small garden plots, and administer first aid to villagers.

Working on the Muslims

Last summer, possibly on a signal from Peking, Chin Peng began to look north as well as south. For the first time the C.T.s moved out from their secure camps deep in the jungle. In village rallies and printed leaflets, agitprop teams urged the southern Thai to "overthrow the American puppet régime of Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn" and to set up a neutralist government of "all patriotic parties" in Thailand—the same two objectives enunciated by the Communists in Thailand's northeast.

The C.T.s have capitalized on both the long history of injustices suffered by the Thai Muslims at the hands of the Buddhist civil service and the latent Thai Muslim desire for union with Malaysia. In the early years of their fight against the British in Malaya, most of the C.T.s were Chinese and did little to rally Malays to their cause. Not until the early 1950's did they try to form an anti-British front of all races, including the Malays and Indians. By then it was too late: Britain had already won over the Malays with the promise of independence. The C.T.s are not making the same mistake twice. Holding out the hope of union with Malaysia once Thailand is liberated, they have successfully recruited large numbers of Muslims into their organization.

One American observer in the south estimated that within the last year Communist strength has increased from a few hundred to almost fifteen hundred guerrillas, students, and auxiliaries. They have organized their force into three regiments—the 8th in Sadao, the 10th in Betong, and the 12th in Narathiwat—and have forced hundreds of rubber-plantation owners to pay a monthly extortion fee. Using this money for arms smuggled through the east-coast provinces of Malaysia, the guerrillas have proved a match for the Thai border patrol. During the past year, a Thai Army officer told me, the C.T.s have murdered more than twenty-five border police, government officials, schoolteachers, and plantation owners. "Worse yet," he said, "the C.T.s used to flit through the jungles in twos and threes. Now my agents report patrols of fifteen and twenty men."

The United States has done almost nothing to counter this Communist escalation in Thailand's south. Although it has raised its troop strength in Thailand to twenty thousand soldiers and airmen, doubled its Agency for International Development funds, and even added a few men to the USIS effort, little of this increased presence has filtered south. There are still only

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one U.S. military adviser and two USIA officers in Thailand's four southernmost provinces, along with three AID officials. Only the Peace Corps has definite plans for expansion in the area.

Lackadaisical Bangkok

Thai military measures against the C.T.s have been halfhearted. Early in 1965, Bangkok announced that it was sending an additional army battalion to the south, but a year later no such unit was to be seen there. The army has established one of its Special Operations Centers a few miles outside of Pattani. Modeled after similar units in the northeast, the Special Forces are trained not just to kill guerrillas but also to improve the life of the villagers through civic-action programs.

I talked with the young Thai captain in command. A graduate of the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, he wore the blue "Follow Me" insignia of that school on his chest and a .45-caliber pistol on his hip. His mood, however, did not mirror the confident appearance of his headquarters with its crackling radios and three-color wall maps. "I've got about a hundred men, and I'm supposed to keep track of all four southern provinces. I just can't do the job with so few men. This morning I had three reports of C.T.s but I can't do anything about them. All my men are out. I've asked for an American adviser. I've asked for helicopters. I've asked for more men. But all that Bangkok says is 'No.'" Meanwhile, a few miles away in Songkhla, a Thai battalion combat team with an American adviser remains in garrison because there are no funds for the bonus that Thai troops must be paid when they go into the field.

One effort to combat the insurgency condition that seemed promising was the recent establishment of the Combined Intelligence Center in Songkhla by the Thai and Malaysian governments. So far, however, few operations have originated from intelligence provided by the center. As one American observed: "There's no aggressive patrolling. Part of the reason for this is that the border police here don't want to rock the boat in Bangkok. If their superiors in Bangkok aren't interested, then they're not interested down here." Across the border in Malaysia, an American official in Penang believes that bribery is another reason for Thai inactivity. "As far as the Malay police here are concerned, there's no action by the Thai border police because they're on the payroll of the C.T.s It's that simple."

Mobile Indoctrination

The border police, however, are not the whole show. The Bangkok government has sent four of the Mobile Development Units used widely in

the campaign in the northeast to live in key southern villages in the hope that they will be able to vaccinate the peasantry against Communism. These units are composed of soldiers in mufti who help the villagers dig wells, build latrines, and construct rudimentary clinics. They have had a degree of success in the south, and, since the government workers live in the villages, the effects of their work should be lasting. The number of Thai reached by the program, however, is small.

The United States Information Service has initiated a more wide-ranging effort through Mobile Information Teams. The local USIS officer coaxes, pleads with, and prods local Thai governors to assemble teams of government doctors, agricultural officials, veterinarians, and other specialists. Traveling in a caravan of Land-Rovers, the officials show the Thai flag in jungle villages where it is rarely seen. Each night in a different village the agricultural expert shows how to improve crops, the doctor treats the sick, and the Thai employee of USIS shows hours of movies urging the peasants to diversify their crops, improve their sanitation, and co-operate with local officials. The teams tell the government story each year to thousands of people in one-night stands. The Communists combat this program by producing their own road show, which follows the government group from village to village reorienting the peasants. One of the continuing problems with both the development units and the information teams in the south is that they must use translators, because most of the officials speak only Thai and most of the villagers a Malay dialect.

Unlike the situation in the northeast, the regeneration of the south does not depend so much on rural village development as it does on improving the sad state of Thailand's rubber industry. Rubber is the second largest export (after rice), and it all is produced in the south. Whereas production methods on the large, efficiently managed Malaysian plantations just over the border have consistently increased production over the last eight years, the volume of Thailand's crop has scarcely changed. Rudimentary processing lowers the quality of Thai rubber, much of which brings third- and fourth-grade prices in the world market. The United Nations Special Fund has awarded Thailand a $1-million matching grant for a program to upgrade the industry, but it will take time.

The Danger Is Internal

The biggest obstacle to the ending of Communist terrorism and influence in the south is not economic, nor is it an obstacle that can be overcome by money or men alone. It is the undercurrent of distrust

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between Thai Buddhist and Thai Muslim that permeates the simplest relationships. The Buddhists regard the Muslims much as white farmers in Mississippi regard Negro sharecroppers. And since in the south the government official is almost always a Buddhist and the peasant a Muslim, the antipathy grows and communication lapses.

Officially, Bangkok attempts to reduce friction between its Buddhist and Muslim citizens. Recently a group of Muslim students who journeyed north to attend a handicraft exhibition in the capital were invited for an audience with the King, who is a demigod in Thailand's Buddhist theology. The Police Ministry has announced the opening of a course in Malay for policemen assigned to the south. But the government's attempts at conciliation are sometimes inept. The state-built blue-and-pink mosque in Pattani is crowded with the faithful on Fridays, but a short distance away in Narathiwat a high school stands vacant because the government did not install the separate kitchens required by Muslim dietary laws.

Last year the south was infested with Indonesian guerrillas en route to Malaysia. Dropped from unmarked planes or landed in small boats on Thailand's underpopulated western coast, which faces the island of Sumatra across the Strait of Malacca, the Indonesians were helped south into Malaysia by C.T.s who took their pay in arms and ammunition. Now that the Malaysian and Indonesian Foreign Ministers who met in Bangkok in May have buried the kris, this added irritant to the southern situation has been eliminated. But the threat of a Communist insurgency there remains serious, particularly if links have been established with the Thai Liberation Front in the northeast. Since even a small-scale guerrilla action could absorb almost all of Thailand's defense energies, the prospect of two co-ordinated campaigns is finally making American observers here take notice of the south. As one of the embassy political experts said, "If the Communists ever move into a full-fledged insurgency in both the south and the northeast at the same time, Thailand will have more than it can handle alone."

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Negro Stake In Washington Home Rule

MARTIN F. NOLAN

"I AM in love with Washington," Mrs. Johnson told readers of the Washington *Post* recently. "It is a vivid, stimulating city, full of pageant and great deeds. . . ." One stimulus that the city does not offer, however, is enjoyed by nearly every other United States territory, possession, and political entity: rudimentary self-government. The restoration of "home rule," taken away from Washington in 1874, has been a continuing interest of Mrs. Johnson's husband, who spoke thus of the city last August 26, ten days after the rioting in the Watts section of Los Angeles had ended:

"Those of you here in the District of Columbia, I want to warn you this morning that the clock is ticking, time is moving, that we should and we must ask ourselves every night when we go home; are we doing all that we should do in our Nation's capital . . . ?" What gave the President's remarks particular urgency was the fact that home rule for the District has now become pre-eminently a civil-rights issue, with significance for the nation at large. At that moment, the President was doing all he could for a discharge petition to dislodge a home-rule bill from the House District Committee. The petition achieved success on September 3, with nine Texans among the last thirty-five Congressmen to sign, even though six of the nine later voted against bringing up the bill for debate. Earlier, the Senate had passed a home-rule bill for the sixth time. The bill called for an elected mayor, city council, and board of education and an automatic Federal payment to the District. (In fiscal 1966 the government paid 13.7 per cent of the District's general fund and operated certain highways and parks.)

Washingtonians had elected their own officials under several charters from 1802 until 1874, when Congress, outraged by the $20-million cost of public-works improvements in the city's expansion, took away self-government and established a system whereby the President appointed a three-man commission to govern the city. The commission governs the city today, along with a dozen other semi-Federal agencies, commissions, and advisory boards, all of whom owe direct allegiance to various bureaucratic satrapies. By statute, one of the commissioners is from the Army Corps of Engineers, usually a brigadier general, who oversees highways and other public works.

IN ITS ninety-two years without self-government, Washington has seen spurts of interest in home rule, usually coinciding with other causes such as women's suffrage and civil rights. The latest surge began in the late 1940's, when a few government lawyers helped form the Washington Home Rule Committee, now headed by Richard K. Lyon, a Washington-born lawyer. Traditional "white liberal" organizations like the city's labor groups, led by J. C. Turner, and the Democratic Central Committee, whose chairman is Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., have provided much of the muscle and manpower for this lobbying effort. Last fall, with the open aid of the White House and the firm prospect of a House vote, the cause of home rule never seemed brighter and its advocates never happier.

But after three days of lively debate, the House on September 29 killed the administration plan by substituting a proposal for a charter board. The charter plan's author, Representative B. F. Sisk, a California Democrat, told House mem-

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bers that this method was the same used "when your city or home town seeks either an original charter or a new charter."

A wide selection of charters had been offered to the House District Committee over the years, but without reaching the House floor. The protagonist in moving the Sisk substitute and killing the administration bill was Howard W. Smith of Virginia, chairman of the Rules Committee and one of ten Southerners on the District Committee. Smith, who was defeated in this year's Virginia primary, made a one-man stand against home rule, an effort his admirers considered his finest hour. In his beguiling wing-collar style of oratory, "Judge" Smith warned of the "fact that they are going to tax the Capitol. They are going to tax the White House. They are going to tax the chairs you gentlemen sit in today. . . . How much are those big leather chairs going to be appraised for when the Washington city-government agents come up here? What about that sumptuous furniture they have over in the Rayburn Building and all that kitchen equipment and various and sundry doodads and so forth?"

After Smith sat down to lusty applause, Carlton R. Sickles, a second-term Democrat from Maryland, spoke, saying of himself: "I think maybe they sent a boy to do a man's job because, like many in the House, I was impressed by the remarks of the previous speaker in the well." Sickles understated the case. Just as in the heyday of his conservative coalition, Smith rounded up Republican, Southern, and lukewarm Northern votes behind the Sisk substitute, which prevailed against administration efforts, 227-174. After a motion to recommit failed, Sisk's bill was passed, although Smith and sixty-six other sons of the Confederacy voted against final passage.

The Unmentioned Issue

So home rule failed, one of the few casualties among the President's Great Society programs. The reasons for its demise range from a weariness with White House pressures to a Congressional fondness for its prerogatives, which allow the city to maintain low prices on liquor, cigarettes, and taxi rides. The most fundamental reason for failure was the nationwide apathy enveloping home rule, alone among major domestic issues of 1965. Although a Harris Poll showed a 6-1 majority of Americans favoring self-government for Washington, the poll did not detect any passionate devotion to the cause.

Perhaps most people find it difficult to comprehend that in an age of broadened civil rights, some 200,000 Americans may vote only in Presidential elections. "No major capital in the world is in a comparable condition of disenfranchisement," President Johnson said in his

home-rule message. But most Americans thinking of their capital see its cherry-blossom splendor and monumental grandeur; they seldom include the rest of the city's seventy square miles where people live.

Of Washington's 802,000 inhabitants, 62.5 per cent are Negroes. The public-school population is ninety per cent Negro. In the last fourteen years, more than 215,000 white residents have left Washington, 86,400 of them during the three years following the desegregation of public schools in 1954.

That Washington would be the first large American city led by a Negro mayor and largely dominated by elected Negroes was and is a fundamental reality in the minds of Congressmen from North and South. Racial prejudice has undoubtedly been a factor in the thinking of the House District Committee, although its public attitude has been expressed in this typical colloquy between two of its members:

John L. McMillan (D., South Carolina), committee chairman: "I would like to ask the gentleman from Virginia [Joel T. Broyhill, Republican], since he has been a very good member of the Committee on the District of Columbia for the past eight years, whether at any of the committee meetings he has heard civil-rights or race questions discussed by that committee?"

Broyhill replied: "The question of race and civil rights has never been discussed at any deliberation or meeting of the Committee on the District of Columbia. There are enough other problems involved which confront the District of Columbia without getting into the question of race and civil rights."

INDEED, many a House member would probably oppose home rule if the capital were peopled exclusively by Kiwanians. Many Congressmen were responding to a familiar anti-urban strain in American life. With anti-Negro emotion added, this sentiment can be powerful, however clumsily racial prejudice is concealed. One opposition witness, John R. Immer, president of the District's Federation of Citizens Associations, told the House committee, "We have one of the cleanest and most honest governments of any major city in the United States" (true, if he chooses to ignore widespread ticket fixing, Bobby Baker, and other peccadilloes involving Washington's 535-man city council, the Congress). Immer maintained that the administration bill "would replace this by a local political machine, managed by a clique which would be self-perpetuating. . . . there would be no control and no limit to the spending for welfare programs, free health programs, free food programs . . . and other programs designed to attract people here by lurid tales of the welfare largess which is awaiting them. . . . The District of Columbia is not ready for home rule. We do not have responsible political elements ready to take hold."

Immer spoke on behalf of some twenty thousand Washingtonians,

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one thousand of them Negro. Constituent organizations from his group also testified against home rule, using similar anti-political arguments. The neighborhoods represented include the District's most predominantly white areas: American University Park, Cathedral Heights, Chevy Chase, Cleveland Park, and Kalorama.

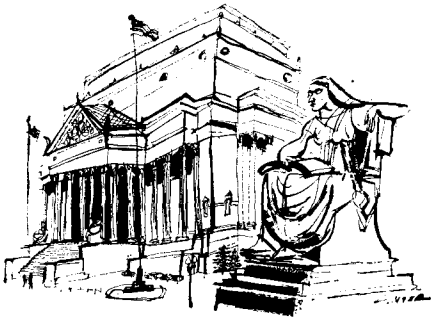
The major organized opposition to home rule came from the Metropolitan Washington Board of Trade, a group of bankers and businessmen. According to its promotional literature, the board was organized in 1889 "in the hope that . . . through concerted action by a representative body, we might exert a wide influence with Congress, and thus accomplish greater and more satisfactory results." This the board has done, notably in regard to home rule, which it has opposed for half a century. Its wide influence, according to Richard Lyon of the Washington Home Rule Committee, grows each year that Congress continues the city's votelessness: "The absence of self-government has created a political vacuum now happily occupied by the Board of Trade."

'Free D.C.'

While Lyon, Rauh, and the older "white liberal" elements of the home-rule cause have merely denounced the Board of Trade, a new group, the Free D. C. Movement, has set out to cripple it. Led by Marion Barry, Jr., Washington director of SNCC, in alliance with clergymen from the D. C. Coalition of Conscience, the movement has converted home rule into a civil-rights issue, singled out the Board of Trade as "the biggest obstacle," and employed the earliest weapon of the civil-rights struggle, the economic boycott.

After a partial but successful boycott of the city's bus system in January to protest a fare increase, Barry moved against "the money-lord merchants," asking some merchants to contribute money to the home-rule drive or face boycott. Cries of blackmail came from the merchants and even from many home-rule supporters. Barry backed off from the money solicitations and asked, "Why is it that people expect us in civil rights to do everything right all the time?" Dropping its requests for funds, the movement shifted to Negro areas, demanding the placing of "Free D.C." stickers in store windows as an alternative to picketing and boycott. This approach met with some success, especially among Negro merchants.

Barry, a thirty-year-old former chemistry teacher from Itta Bena, Mississippi, has described past efforts for home rule as "frustration and a long history of nothing." His aim is "to educate, mobilize, galvanize, and catalyze this community around



the right to vote." In trying to transform the history and reputation of docility among the city's 502,000 Negroes, Barry has eclipsed the efforts of the "white liberal" leadership of home rule and has also begun to fill a vacuum of political leadership among Negroes. Organizations like the Urban League and the NAACP have worked toward wider opportunities in jobs, housing, schools, and police relations rather than stressing political activity.

Barry's main support has come from leading clergymen, who share his sentiment on mobilizing the city's poor Negroes. After the boycott campaign began with fund solicitations in February, Rauh called one of the clergymen, asking him to intervene before the boycott's effects damaged home rule in Congress. "Joe, even if home rule is set back a few years," the clergyman replied, "it will be worth the price if we can wake up the poor Negroes of this city." It is taken for granted by home-rule leaders of all persuasions that the longer self-government is denied, the greater the chances are for militant, strident forces in the city's first election. The 1964 Democratic primary and Presidential elections were dominated by the city's large and long-established Negro middle class. But this group's influence and numbers will probably decline without self-government, and SNCC and other militant elements will fill the leadership vacuum among Negroes.

THE FREE D.C. Movement, meanwhile, alienated supporters and wavered on home rule even after it had abandoned its request for money. Lyon and Rauh have also disavowed the boycott and the most powerful Congressional friend of district self-government, Senator Alan Bible, the Nevada Democrat who heads the Senate District Committee, called the boycott "ill-advised, ill-considered and ill-conceived."

Barry persisted and in April brought the pickets downtown, where the movement achieved one of its first victories and then was subjected to its most virulent criticism. The first downtown target was scheduled to be the Hecht Company, one of Washington's larger department stores, whose manager, Harry N. Hirshberg, Jr., is a director of the Board of Trade. Hirshberg and several other retailers had claimed that a policy of "corporate neutrality" prevented involvement in political issues (although corporation executives have been involved through the Board of Trade). A day before picketing of Hecht's was to begin, Hirshberg met with Barry, then issued a letter saying, "I personally favor the principle of home rule," and adding that he had asked the Board of Trade "to reassess and re-examine the validity of its current published position on the subject of home rule and local self-government." After the letter, the movement did not picket Hecht's and moved to Kann's, a smaller store.

The Vacuum

The reaction from the Board of Trade's president came promptly. F. Elwood Davis, a lawyer, accused the movement of "immoral, un-American, and unjust" tactics and called the boycott a "blackjack approach." "It's un-American when you try to force a merchant to agree with your political thinking and if he doesn't, you picket or boycott him," Davis said. Washington's two afternoon newspapers followed, calling the movement's tactics "just

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plain wrong" and "irresponsible."

Emotionalism apparently had shifted from the civil-rights cause to the other side. Episcopal Suffragan Bishop Paul Moore of the Coalition of Conscience replied that the Board of Trade's charges "are not worthy of comment in kind." Barry called the Davis statement "ranting and raving." The movement next decided to call attention to its cause by picketing the annual Cherry Blossom Festival, which attracts thousands of tourists. Barry specified no mass demonstrations, just a few "educational pickets."

The political impasse over home rule has undoubtedly been affected by the boycott, but whether favorably or not cannot be forecast. Congressmen are notably prone to get their backs up in the face of alleged intimidation. This was the argument used against the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington and other Negro demonstrations throughout the past decade. Many Congressmen today cite this argument to home-rule missionaries from the League of Women Voters, Americans for Democratic Action, and the Washington Home Rule Committee.

Despite his successful challenge of the department stores, Barry has been swept by the side effects of the "black power" controversy into a stand of opposing all relations with the "power structure." He boycotted a massive rally on the grounds of the Washington Monument in mid-July. The rally, sponsored by a variety of political and religious groups—including the D.C. Coalition of Conscience—attracted some four thousand Washingtonians on a hot Sunday afternoon. But Barry, who watched the proceedings from the rear ranks, said: "They should have had twenty times as many people here today. They've got the whole power structure of the city up there." A representative of the Urban League told the rally: "It's important that we don't begin fighting among ourselves, seeking the headlines, taking the credit. There's a place in this struggle for all of us."

Present hopes for home rule lie with a rider to a House-passed higher-education bill. The home-rule rider, attached by Senator Wayne Morse, a member of the Senate District Committee, would presumably be accepted by the Senate, where home rule passed last year, 63 to 29. Unlike last year's bill, Morse's rider calls for nonpartisan elections and a Federal payment in lieu of taxes based on a percentage of District-collected revenue rather than an automatic payment formula. Since attempts will undoubtedly be made to table the Morse rider, it will provide the up-or-down vote on the issue this year and is now the focus of lobbying by home-rule advocates.

The political vacuum remains. No speeches are made on the House floor and Senator Bible's Senate committee finds it difficult to gather a quorum. Bible's four Democratic colleagues have worked for home rule in the past but except for Morse now find themselves otherwise occupied. Robert Kennedy is busy being Robert Kennedy; Thomas McIntyre is busy being a Democrat running for re-election in New Hampshire; and Joseph Tydings has devoted time to issues of more direct concern to his Maryland constituents, such as parking problems in the District.

President Johnson, who mentioned home rule briefly in his State of the Union message, has the sympathy of one leading home-rule advocate, who says, "If I had to worry about Vietnam and inflation, I wouldn't be thinking too much of home rule, either."

Meanwhile, by-products of the political vacuum pile up. A Presidential committee on freeways could not agree on whether downtown expressways should be allowed to chop up L'Enfant's original city plan. A city planning commission report shows that nearly a fourth of the city's population lives in "abject poverty—the lowest form of deprivation."

Would these problems disappear with self-government? A political scientist's analysis would at least disclose that these conditions are aggravated by a widespread feeling of political "alienation." A working politician's analysis would be similar but blunter. President Johnson said of Watts last August 26: "The scars of years of inaction reflected themselves. And when people feel that they don't get a fair shake, when they feel that justice is not open to them, you always see these things occur. They occur in different sections at different times. Those of you here in the District of Columbia, I want to warn you this morning that the clock is ticking, time is moving."

NEGRO POLITICS, OLD STYLE AND NEW:

I. William Dawson Calls the Tune

RICHARD COTTON

CHICAGO

THIS NOVEMBER the Negro voters of Illinois' First Congressional District will reaffirm the old order of Chicago politics, sending eighty-year-old Negro Congressman William L. Dawson back to Washington for his thirteenth consecutive term in the House of Representatives. But the forces of change are at work on Chicago's South Side. Dawson had to beat off a strong primary challenge this June from Fred Hubbard, a Negro social worker forty-three years his junior, and he won only on the strength of large pluralities run up in the poor areas of his district.

Ethnic groups in America have traditionally achieved political independence as they have risen economically. The Negro has been no exception: the middle-class Negro has been achieving much the same political sophistication that the middle-class Irish, Polish, and Italians did before him. But isolated in slums, the Negro still remains in many big cities the most dependable bulwark of the Democratic machine.

The June Democratic primary election demonstrated that the Chi-

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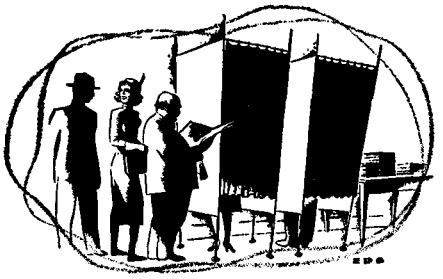
cago machine can still count on large majorities in lower-class Negro areas, despite the impact of the civil-rights movement. As rights leaders have turned their attention to politics, moderate Republicans and anti-machine Democrats in Chicago have talked of a new independence on the part of the poor Negro voter. When Martin Luther King and his aides arrived in Chicago last fall, hopes that Negro voters would desert the machine increased. Dawson's June victory, however, has largely crushed them.

ONE OUT OF every three Negroes in the state of Illinois lives in the First District. More than ninety per cent Negro, it carefully follows the boundaries of Chicago's South Side Negro area. The First provides almost ideal comparisons of poor and middle-class voters because it is split sharply into two different communities. The depressingly poor northern half of the district combines tenements and high-rise public housing projects; but to the south, the First becomes strikingly middle-class, with neat wire-mesh fences enclosing well-kept one- and two-family homes.

For twenty-four years, the First has been the political fiefdom of William Dawson. The shape of the district itself has changed, moving south as the Negro community expanded. But its organization—often called the most effective in the country—has remained the same: a captain and two assistants for every one of its 446 precincts, and whenever possible, a worker for every block or large building. Each of the seven ward offices assumes responsibility for its precinct captains, and Dawson's Second Ward office sends out campaign materials and instructions to the other six.

Dawson's organization is a semi-autonomous cog in the machine of Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard J. Daley, and Dawson is vice-chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee. Second only to Chairman Daley, Dawson's importance to the mayor can hardly be overestimated. In 1963, Daley defeated his Republican opponent, Benjamin Adamowski, by 139,000 votes; Negro wards provided about 115,000 of that margin.



Unlike Daley, who has remolded much of his machine in deference to Republican businessmen and middle-class voters, Dawson has not changed his organization since he was first elected to Chicago's city council in the early 1930's. In the June primary, mimeographed leaflets called local Negroes to rallies with the promise that "a dollar a minute will be given away." Between every two speeches in a dingy slum movie house, one of Chicago's Negro aldermen raffled away crisp twenty-dollar bills to the cheering crowd. During the machine's blitz-like campaign, only seven rallies were held. "You can't have meetings all the time. You have to give people time to work in their precincts," said Dawson's administrative assistant, Lawrence Woods.

A Service Organization

And Congressman Dawson's men do work. This June the machine offered $1,000 in rewards for the precinct captains who brought in the most votes: $500 for the one who brought in the highest number, $300 for second, and $200 for third. All precinct captains were told that they were expected to bring in at least three hundred votes. (And to the machine, a vote means a straight Democratic vote; it is not interested in split tickets.) Many a patronage job depends on the ability of these captains to produce.

The Dawson machine rarely worries about the accuracy of what it prints. One of Dawson's newsletters, which was heavily distributed throughout the district, carried a startling quote from the President: "I am a DAWSON man. Nothing will ever make me forget William L. Dawson is the man most responsible for my becoming President of the United States." Small cardboard tickets are printed, reading, "To the Judges of Election: I am unfamiliar with the operation of the voting machine. I want to vote for the Democratic candidates."

Jobs, however, provide the organization's most effective leverage. As Woods explained Dawson's philosophy to me: "We are a service organization; that's our strength. We have more people in that district for us because we have helped them." He had just promised a constituent a stenographer's job in the local War on Poverty office.

This spring, Dawson did run a little scared for once. He put up billboards throughout the district picturing him with President Johnson, held a massive "Dawson Day" at a Chicago amusement park, and put in several appearances at the ward rallies in his honor. For Dawson, who usually doesn't so much as make a public appearance, it was a hard campaign.

The opponent who managed to throw a little fear into "The Man," as Dawson is known on the South Side, was Fred Hubbard, a tall, good-looking Negro who grew up in the slums of the First. Before deciding to run for Congress, Hubbard worked for eight years with teen-aged gang members as a YMCA social worker, accumulating a card file of contacts and friends. During the primary, he attempted to build an organization of his own, recruiting volunteer workers for nearly every precinct in the district. Although he had little money, he opened three offices and campaigned in a style unknown to the South Side. He attended parlor meetings, renewed acquaintances in the housing projects, and shook hands with people on the street.

Hubbard based much of his chance for success on the effects of the civil-rights movement. His hopes were bolstered when Martin Luther King announced in mid-May a week-long drive to register Negro voters. But Chicago was in the midst of the coldest spring in a decade, and during King's registration drive, temperatures plunged into the forties. A cold, freezing rain whipped the city intermittently for the entire week. Only small crowds turned out for the registration rallies, which had been hastily moved indoors, and the campaign went virtually unnoticed in the Chicago newspapers.

Nevertheless, political observers

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viewed Hubbard's challenge to the machine as the strongest it had ever faced. On a sunny June 14, Dawson's precinct captains brought in their standard forty-one thousand votes. Hubbard could muster only twenty-four thousand. But while he was trounced in the poor areas where he thought he knew the people, he carried the district's three middle-class wards.

After the election, Hubbard admitted that his friendships did him little good. "I discovered that it is very difficult for a poor, semi-literate Negro, unfamiliar with a voting machine, to vote successfully against the organization. The party machine owns the polls. Many people who wanted to vote for me were not able to do so, and many people just did not vote. The turnout was terrifically low." Whatever the reason, the machine maintained a stranglehold on the poor voter.

THE WARD-BY-WARD vote documents the story. In the Eighth Ward, where the median family income is about $7,200 a year, Hubbard defeated Dawson handily, winning 4,864 votes to Dawson's 3,327. But in the Third Ward, which includes some of the worst slums and biggest housing projects in Chicago (one-third of the families have an income totaling less than $3,000 a year), Dawson ran up 11,626 votes to Hubbard's 2,725.

The rejection of Dawson by the middle class was clear enough. Lest there be any mistake, a maverick Negro alderman, Charles Chew, won the Democratic nomination for state senator from the Twenty-Ninth District (a solidly middle-class Negro

area) over a hand-picked machine candidate, also a Negro, Russell DeBow. DeBow had been Mayor Daley's administrative assistant, and his defeat was as much a defeat for Daley as for Dawson. Chew's bitterly fought victory ensures that a number of anti-machine candidates in middle-class areas will challenge organization aldermen in next spring's municipal election.

The middle class represents, however, only thirty per cent of Chicago's Negro population, and Dawson's victory demonstrates that the party machine is still solidly in control of the votes of the less fortunate seventy per cent. If Chicago is a fair example, the impact of the civil-rights revolution on politics will not really be felt until the Negro's economic position is improved.

II. Boycott and Ballot

HENRY HURT

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

THE DEBATE over black power, the alarming cry that has swept the country this summer, has so far stirred less publicity and anxiety in Mississippi than in the North. In fact, Mississippi's Negro leadership has been generally immune to the appeals of the extremists. Since Negroes make up forty-two per cent of the state's population, their potential strength is very real indeed. In terms of political and economic pressure, no one has used that potential with more success than has Charles Evers, the Mississippi field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Evers feels that what radical civil-rights leaders like Stokely Carmichael of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee are really advocating is black supremacy, and he is one of Mississippi's firmest opponents of the idea. At the Jackson rally that ended the recent James Meredith march, the extremists prevented him from speaking, presumably because of his views on the matter. "I was here long before they came," Evers commented, "and I'll be here a long time after they're gone." He is probably right. In less than one year, he has assumed political control over three Mississippi counties, and his influence is steadily increasing. As Kenneth L. Dean, the white director of the Mississippi Council on Human Relations, remarked, "Evers has already done what Carmichael is talking about."

Jeffersonian Democracy

In the counties of Jefferson, Claiborne, and Wilkinson, all of which lie along the Mississippi River in the southern part of the state, Negroes outnumber whites by about three to one. Until a year ago, there was no NAACP branch in the area and virtually no Negro organization of any kind.

Jefferson County provides the best example of what Evers has done. For the most part, Jefferson Negroes were employed only as laborers and domestics, and less than a hundred were registered voters. All police officers were white, all store clerks were white, all officials were white, service stations had third toilets for Negroes of both sexes, and there was little communication between the Negro and white leaders.

Last October, Evers, who had been working out of Jackson, formed a NAACP branch in Fayette, the Jefferson county seat, which promptly took in members by the hundreds. Just before Christmas, he announced that a complete economic boycott would be waged against the white merchants in Jefferson County, and that not a black cent would be spent in any white-owned store until a list of Negro demands was met. (Such tactics have proved highly profitable for Negro store owners, and Evers, always a good businessman himself, has done very nicely with a food store he purchased during a previous series of boycotts.) By June of this year the boycott had been lifted from nearly all the establishments. Of sixteen stores, eleven had hired Negro salesclerks. Three stores were so small that Evers agreed they couldn't afford any additional help, and two stores are still being boycotted. Eight of the nine service stations in the area had closed the third toilet and made previously segregated facilities available to Ne-

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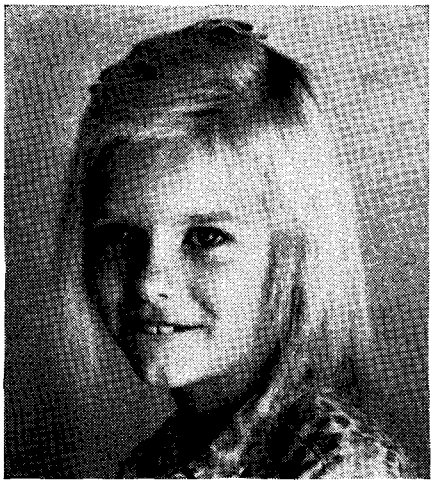
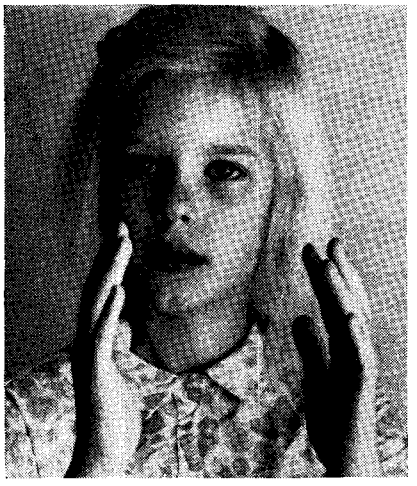
Our boss, Meg Rawls

Not long ago we visited a young A.T.&T. share owner.
We hope her questions and our answers may interest you.





Each year, across the country, Bell System management people visit share owners of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. They sample opinions, answer questions and explain the company's practices.

Share owners to be visited are selected at random. Their names and addresses give no clues as to business acumen or age.

James Thompson of Southwestern Bell Telephone, an Associated Company of the Bell System, was assigned to visit Miss Margaret Rawls of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. When he telephoned for an appointment, he was startled to find that she was seven years old. But Meg Rawls was in her best dress, hairdo and business mood when Thompson rang the doorbell of her parents' home.

The next hour and a half put Thompson through the hoops. The young lady's questions were basic and to the point. She wanted full answers and the figures that went with them. Finally, when Thompson stood up and shook hands, Meg decided that she was pleased with the way things were going in her company. For now, anyway.

Here are some questions Meg asked a few months ago. These answers go a little beyond Jim Thompson's. But not much. He says Meg wanted facts and our opinions.

"How many people work for the Bell System?"

The Bell System now includes nearly 800,000 men and women—more than the populations of Oklahoma City and Tulsa combined. But they work all over the country, and in all kinds of jobs. They're sort of a team. In the Associated Companies, they operate the local telephone service. At Western Electric, they make the phones. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, they invent new phones. Last year alone, 3000 college-trained young people joined the Bell System because they, like us, see an exciting future in the telephone business.

"What kinds of phones are there?"

Phones come in many sizes, styl and colors. Some are small for be side tables. Others can hang on kitchen wall. The new Touch-To instruments have push buttons f easier, faster calling and will som day let you pay your bills by phon Trimline phones put the dial rig in the handset. The Picturephor sets in Chicago, New York and Was ington let people see as well as he on the phone. Data-Phone sets act ally let machines talk to each oth at high speed. Other surprising ne phones are coming along.

"How many people own telephone stock like me?"

Nearly three million people a now share owners of A.T.&T., pare company of the Bell System. T United States is one of the few cou tries where you can own part of t telephone company.

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Some of Meg's stock is more than half a century old, having been left to her by a great-grandmother. Some is recent, purchased by her father who is with Oklahoma City's Liberty National Bank and Trust Co. Meg's grasp of business is partly the result of overhearing her knowledgeable parents' discussions, and partly native curiosity. She earns money doing chores and weeding, spends carefully, knows her savings to the penny.

Touch-Tone, 8, Trimline ®, Picturephone and Data-Phone are trademarks of the Bell System.

"Why do I get a check every three months?"

That's your dividend payment—our share of Bell System earnings. Only by a good return to you investors can we raise the money *we* need to give this growing country the service *it* needs.

"What does the Bell System do with all the money it gets?"

We spend it to keep our present services working well and to have more ready when and where they're needed. This is money spent on land, buildings, wire and cable, equipment and supplies—nearly $4 billion this year alone. Then, we pay our employees over $6 billion a year to work for us. They spend their money to buy things. This helps business all over the country. Taxes we pay amount to more than $2 billion. Dividends to you share owners are over $1 billion. Just like your family, we try to earn a little more than we spend. It takes profit to keep on being a lively, going, growing business.

"Why do we have to pay extra to call my grandmother in New Hampshire?"

Oklahoma to New Hampshire is what we call a Long Distance call, and it takes more of our wire and equipment than a local call around town. Even so, Long Distance is a lot cheaper than it used to be. In the past 30 years, there have been more than 20 reductions in Long Distance rates from state to state. The most recent was just last year and saved $100 million for telephone users.

We're working for Meg today. Someday, we'll be working for her grandchildren. Our scientists and engineers —indeed, all of us in the Bell System —are not content with good service today. We are planning better things for tomorrow, and then making tomorrow happen just as fast as we can.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

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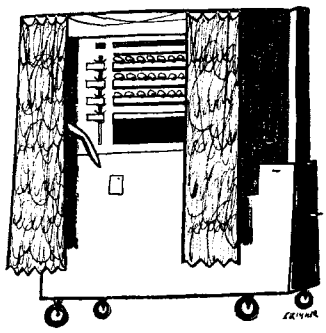
groes. The Jefferson County Hospital was desegregated. In Fayette, a Negro had been hired to serve as one of the town's two policemen, and the sheriff had hired a Negro deputy to share duties with a white man.

Evers says this is not merely "token desegregation." He claims



that there is now a spirit of "cooperation and friendliness" between whites and blacks, and that white officials are willing to talk to Negro leaders at any time. More than economic pressures were at work. During the boycott of white merchants, Evers and his helpers were spending their days and nights canvassing the county in an effort to persuade reluctant Negroes to register to vote. Their efforts were outstandingly successful: Negro registration has rocketed to about 3,500, and they now outnumber whites on the voting lists by the same ratio as they do in population figures.

CHARLES EVERS, it is generally agreed in Fayette, has absolute control of the Negro vote in Jefferson County and is now in a position to secure every elective office in the county for the men of his choice.

A massively built man with a spontaneous laugh, Evers seems to enjoy his power. Sitting in his well-furnished Fayette office and wearing a red polo shirt, he reached for a telephone and said, "Here, I'll show you how we get along with the whites around here." He dialed the mayor's home with no success. Then he called R. K. Pritchard, the chief deputy sheriff. (Pritchard has served a term as county sheriff, and since the law forbids two successive terms, his wife is now installed in the senior post in a sort of Lurleen Wallace gambit.)

The conversation is friendly and Evers says, "Sheriff, I see old Cohn still has that rebel flag hanging on the front of his store. I told you to tell him to take that thing down." Evers's end of the conversation indicates that Pritchard had approached the white store owner on the matter. Then Evers laughs and says, "You say it's a Mississippi state flag? Well, it looks pretty rebelish to me. You tell Cohn we want that flag down, and then we gonna get along fine."

As the conversation ends, Evers says, "Sheriff, you see how easy it is after all the hell we went through? We gonna make this the best county in the country, ain't we?" Pritchard apparently agrees, and after Evers hangs up he reports that Pritchard will try once more to persuade the storekeeper to take down the Mississippi flag.

In an interview later, Pritchard said that he and Evers "get along fine." In explaining race relations in Jefferson County, Pritchard said, "We been living here together all our lives, and there's no reason why we won't keep on."

Pritchard, who will again be eligible after his wife's term, plans to run for sheriff again in the next election. He thinks he will win without any trouble. He expects to have Evers's support, and Evers is planning now to give it—providing Pritchard agrees to appoint a Negro chief deputy.

Evers, who has established his residence in Jefferson County, insists that he has no intention of running for office himself. Nor has he any plans for an all-black slate of officers in the next election. He wants a suitable white sheriff, presumably Pritchard, who will train a Negro chief deputy for four years. He is happy with the present white mayor, but wants a Negro police chief; and he wants two Negroes on the board of aldermen and two Negroes on the board of supervisors.

A Road That All May Travel

Describing his ultimate aims in Jefferson County, Evers told me: "We're going to get rid of all the racists and bigots. They're going —there's no question about that. But we're against any sort of exclusion. We want to make this an example of how Negroes and whites can live and work together as men and women." Some of the initial steps he advocates are the establishment of as many Federal poverty programs as possible and a serious start toward real desegregation of the public schools.

Evers is not confining his efforts to Jefferson. The adjoining counties of Claiborne and Wilkinson also have about three times more Negroes than whites and in each a substantially greater number of Negro voters than whites are now registered as a direct result of Evers's efforts. In Claiborne a boycott is already in effect and one is planned for Wilkinson. Concessions similar to those won in Jefferson have been made in nearby Adams County—which includes Natchez, one of the chief focal points in the state of recent racial strife—even though slightly more whites than Negroes are registered there.

Evers is almost contemptuous of groups that favor all-black anything. The Black Panther Party, the Alabama political group organized by

SNCC, draws his sharpest reaction. "We don't allow them in here. There will be no Black Panther Party in this county. Even their name 'Panther' means something that destroys." He also has little patience with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, an almost entirely Negro group that claims to be the

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"real" Democratic Party in the state. Even though he swung his weight behind the FDP candidates during the June Democratic primary and provided them with the only two counties that gave them a majority, this was not intended as a sign of approval; Evers simply felt that the FDP offered candidates more acceptable to the Negro voters than the regular Democrats. (In the June Democratic primary the FDP front runner for the Senate received less than fifteen per cent of the vote on a statewide basis.)

"The FDP is not coming into these counties and holding meetings on their own," Evers claims. "We're on the right road, and I'm not going to let them in here. We're not going off on some wild-goose chase trying to create some third party." He says he has no objections to the Young Democrats organizing chapters in the area, however. This biracial group has been granted an official charter by the Young Democratic Clubs of America, and Evers maintains that, unlike the Black Panthers or the FDP, they represent a legitimate political organization.

His stand is in direct opposition to that of Lawrence Guyot, the FDP chairman, who feels that Negroes who are willing to participate in the regular Democratic Party or the Young Democratic Clubs can be managed by whites.

THE NAACP clearly agrees with Evers's viewpoint. Aaron Henry, the Clarksdale druggist who has been state president of the NAACP during most of the racial strife in Mississippi, told me: "I get the idea black power is reverse racism and that it suggests that the Negro community should now begin to treat the white community as the white community has treated the Negro community all these years. I believe the black power syndrome will become as extinct as the hula hoop craze."

As Evers points out about the nation as a whole, "Never will ten per cent of the population be able to outdo ninety per cent." He believes that "That dollar and that ballot are the greatest weapons we got." The work he has done in the southwestern counties along the river seems to bear him out.

The Availability of Richard Nixon

JULES WITCOVER

IN BIRMINGHAM'S spacious Municipal Auditorium, a sweeping spotlight played on Richard M. Nixon as he strode down the center aisle among twelve hundred cheering partisans at the largest fund-raising dinner in the short history of Alabama Republicanism. John Grenier, the party's 1966 candidate for U.S. Senator and a leading Southern organizer for Barry Goldwater in 1964, took the microphone and recalled that "Birmingham gave its heart and sixty per cent of its votes" to Nixon in 1960. If fate chooses him "to lead this great country from the swampland of socialism to the bright sunshine of liberty" in 1968, Grenier proclaimed, "the electoral vote of Alabama will be cast for Dick Nixon." The crowd, at fifty dollars a plate, roared its approval.

One night earlier in Tulsa, at a cocktail party for oilmen contributing to the Republican Party, Mayor James M. Hewgley, Jr., had climbed on a patio chair and presented Nixon with a key to the city and a promise that Tulsa, which gave him sixty-three per cent of its vote in 1960, would make it "seventy per cent next time." And shortly afterward, before 850 festive Republicans at the ultramodern Tulsa Assembly Center, Tulsa County G.O.P. Chairman Bert McElroy had assured the former Vice President that "Tulsa has been, is, and will be again a Nixon city." This crowd, at only twenty-five dollars a plate, was equally enthusiastic.

On all three occasions, and many others like them during his most recent eleven-day cross-country political swing, non-candidate Nixon expressed gratitude for the sentiments but urged the faithful to "forget about 1968 for now and concentrate on 1966." The question of his own chances in 1968, raised invariably at press conferences along the way, received a stock answer: "I respectfully decline to comment, because there is nothing that divides a party like contesting for the Presidency. At a time when the Democrats with their huge numbers are divided, it's time for the Republicans to be unified. I will not discuss 1968. Others may if they wish."

Others, of course, do wish to speculate.

Nixon has spoken in thirty states in the past year; shortly after Labor Day, he plans to carry his missionary work for party unity to fifty marginal Congressional districts now held by Democrats. If, as he predicts, Republicans win forty of these closely contested races, the G.O.P. will be well along the road toward rehabilitation as a contending national party in 1968. And as a man who helped make it happen, Nixon certainly wouldn't be hurt by such an outcome.

DESPITE NIXON'S adherence to the traditional off-year posture of non-candidacy, his strategy for a second run at the Presidency already is visible and well advanced. Nixon's formula for the 1960 campaign—a tireless display of calculated selflessness—is his formula again in 1966. Then, he put the party, its candidates, and its local organizations in his political debt by working un-

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flaggingly in their behalf while an incredibly unpartisan President played golf. This time there is no Eisenhower, but there is a George Romney. Michigan's governor, considered the likely 1968 entrant of his party's liberals and moderates, is boxed in by the requirements of running for re-election at home. In addition, 1964 Goldwater backers, and even those party regulars at the local level who weren't wild about Barry, recall that Nixon toiled for the party in its darkest hour while Romney stood aside.

Nixon is not without his problems, of course, One of them was expressed tersely by a prominent oilman in Tulsa after hearing Nixon on Mayor Hewgley's patio: "I gave $2,500 for him in 1960, but not this next time. He's a two-time loser. I like the guy, but we need a new face, a winner." But the loyalists who flock around him after he speaks at fund-raising gatherings suggest this view is not universal. After his Birmingham speech, in which he flailed away at an excess of Democratic power at home and a lack of it abroad, it took him twenty minutes to move through the crowd. In airports and hotel lobbies, Nixon's appearance—almost six years since he has held any public office—still generates excitement or at least curiosity.

The Nation's Favorite Son?

Public recognition is fine, but there remains the problem of a big-state base. Now that he has moved from California to New York, Nixon is confronted with powerful Republican officeholders—Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and Senator Jacob K. Javits—who are giving top priority to blocking his path to a second nomination. Accordingly, Nixon must look elsewhere: to the same national conservative base which delivered the 1964 nomination to Goldwater, and which still includes a good number of Nixon loyalists. At most receptions old "friends"—many of whom Nixon clearly doesn't remember—come up, grip his hand, and say, "We're still with you, Dick." Some wear 1960 buttons that read "Win With Nixon" or even "Nixon-Lodge," a team that will never perform together again.

While Nixon works the crowds with his unity-in-'66 pitch, local politicians come up to one of the volunteer aides traveling with him and say: "We're with him, we're ready to go. But is he running?" To which the aide says only: "What do you think?"

Pat Hillings, a former California Congressman and a Nixon aide-de-camp in his 1966 travels, says the big-state handicap isn't important. "We have sombody in every state who is willing to help us, to do the advance work on a tour like this. People forget that. You talk about a base. He has a national base." Judging from Nixon's warm reception from Republicans in seven states on the cross-country tour—including Romney's Michigan—it seems to be a reasonable claim. In Oklahoma, Alabama, and Virginia, local G.O.P. leaders either declared for Nixon outright or gave unmistakable hints they are leaning his way, especially if there is no alternative to the eventual candidate of the despised Eastern kingmakers. The hearty embrace of John Grenier in Birmingham suggests that Nixon already has a firm hold on most Southern Goldwaterites.

If Ronald Reagan is elected governor of California in November—Nixon lauds him and predicts his victory everywhere—the former Vice President probably could count on his old home state too at the Republican convention, barring a rapid Reagan buildup as a national candidate in his own right. Moreover, a former Nixon campaign manager, Robert Finch, is running for lieutenant governor, and the hope is to run Reagan-Finch as a team, a departure in California politics.

With the Goldwater strength of 1964 nailed down—a task the Nixon strategists hope to accomplish by November—the pressure, as in 1964, would be from the party's anti-Goldwater moderates and liberals trying to scramble back into contention, presumably with Romney.

Nixon, for his part, studiously tries to discourage early talk of a two-man race between himself and Romney. He insists that "any Senator or governor from a major state is a potential candidate—whether willing or not," and he specifically includes Rockefeller and Governor William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania, who also has said he will not seek the nomination. "I believe," Nixon told a Roanoke, Virginia, press conference at the conclusion of his latest barnstorming swing, "those political prognosticators who say it's going to be a two-man race ought to wait until after the winter book is written by the 1966 elections." He includes Reagan in the list of prospects but also throws in Governor James A. Rhodes of Ohio and any other G.O.P. name that comes to his mind. In the Nixon strategy, Reagan is viewed as a potential ally at this juncture, not a competitor.

RIGHT NOW, at least, Nixon's campaign is going forward chiefly on his own energy and resources, with help from a core of 1960 loyalists around the country and from his law firm in New York—Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander. Though Nixon did try one case before the Supreme Court last spring and will present another this fall, he is relatively free to pursue his political activities while collecting a salary that exceeds what he would make as President of the United States. The firm is only too happy to have in its ranks a former Vice President and, just possibly still, a future President. The benefits of the arrangement already are seen in the fact that the firm has had to nearly double its staff of lawyers to handle work brought in since Nixon was made a senior partner. Clients include Pepsi-Cola (he went to Taiwan last year to try to get a piece of the market now held by a local cola drink), Eversharp-Schick, and overseas giants such as Matsui of Japan.

Beyond the resources of the law firm, Nixon has only two full-time staff workers. On political swings, Hillings and several other old friends donate a week or more of their time—arranging press conferences, lining up transportation, screening local politicians for private talks, carrying baggage, and generally smoothing the way. In most states, there is an old hand from the 1960 campaign ready to squire Nixon around. William Lear, a multimillionaire pioneer in the small private and commercial jet-plane business in Wichita, lent Nixon a five-passenger LearJet for part of his most recent swing.

Associates say Nixon's newly ac-

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quired financial security after twenty years on the public payroll has made him more relaxed and self-confident. In his speeches, press conferences, and in private moments, he does seem to be less intense than in 1960. He has developed an ability to kid himself in public—to laugh at his own appearance, his past mistakes, and misfortunes—that makes audiences more sympathetic to him. Much of the self-ridicule is planned; he repeats the same gag lines in each speech, but the technique is effective.

All Kidding Aside

At the National Junior Chamber of Commerce convention in Detroit, Nixon noted that an introduction stressing his educational background had omitted the fact "that I'm a dropout from the Electoral College." And, commenting on the wild all-night revelry of his hosts, he observed: "I got stoned in Caracas. I'll tell you one thing, it's a lot different from getting stoned at a Jaycee convention." In every other public appearance, Nixon never fails to tell the story about the little girl who came up in New York and asked him to autograph a picture in a newsmagazine. After he had done so, he tells his audiences, the little girl thanked him and said, "It's an awfully good picture. It doesn't look like you at all." At partisan fund-raisers, he tells Republicans that President Johnson is vulnerable because the voters don't trust him. "And another thing," Nixon says with a smile, "I don't think he comes over too good on TV." The remark invariably brings down the house.

In spite of this self-ridicule, Nixon continues to be very conscious and careful about his own appearance. On a one-day Michigan tour of fund-raisers, strategy talks, and press conferences, he shaved three times; whenever practicable, he changes clothes before an appearance. His hairline has receded slightly and there are more lines in his face, but he has slimmed down to 175 pounds and looks fit. On the speaking platform his style is the same as always —a kind of political catechism, with use of the rhetorical question to pull the audience into the exercise: "You say what proof do I have? And I say, I could mention a lot of things. . . . This election will offer the clearest choice in this century. Now somebody's going to say, just a minute there, Mr. Nixon, wasn't the choice clear in 1964? And I say, yes it was, but . . ."

WITHOUT a staff or the machinery to grind out a text on a different topic at each stop, Nixon has resorted to one standard speech that makes these main points: (1) a tide is building up that will bring the greatest G.O.P. victories in twenty years this fall; (2) Republican unity and good candidates, plus Democratic dissension over Vietnam, are the reasons; (3) only if the party makes a comeback in 1966 will its national ticket have a chance in 1968; (4) Johnson will be a hindrance rather than a help to Democratic candidates this year; (5) the country needs a strong two-party system to prevent the excesses of rampant Federal power.

The heart of the speech lies in its criticism of Johnson's Vietnam policy as "too little too late," and of Democratic opposition in Congress to the war. ("Let us call them the appeasement Democrats for want of a better term," Nixon says. But he obviously is satisfied that the term is good enough; he repeats it everywhere.) On Vietnam, Nixon proposes little more than what other Republicans have advocated: more reliance on air and sea power and less on ground troops, an "economic quarantine" of North Vietnam, and an abrupt cutoff of foreign aid to anyone trading with the enemy. "Any nation that trades with the enemy is not going to make a profit off America," he says as if issuing an Executive order. The audience roars its approval.

Nixon retains an old ability to agree and to criticize at the same time. He says that the Johnson escalation of air attacks on the Hanoi and Haiphong fuel centers was right; he had been advocating it for a long time, and if it had been done when he called for it, "Thousands of American boys wouldn't be dead today."

Something for Almost Everyone

On the domestic front, Nixon castigates the Great Society as "more radical already than the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and the New Frontier put together." Republicans, North and South, can go for that. And when he warns of a not distant day when "a majority of Americans" will have their rent subsidized, their medical bills paid, their income assured, and their education determined and controlled by the Federal government, he strikes a responsive conservative chord.

One major domestic issue that also poses a special problem for the Republicans gets little attention from Nixon: civil rights and the Negro voter. A single line in the speech—"We say it is the responsibility of government to guarantee to everyone an equal place at the starting line"—disposes of the issue. Nixon's audiences are always overwhelmingly white. At a $100-a-plate dinner in Bay City, Michigan, a local worker who had invited a few Negroes was outraged when they were moved out of choice seats to make room for some bigwigs. Pat Hillings, learning of the incident, invited the Negroes to the airport to meet Nixon personally before a near-midnight departure. The gesture may have prevented early defection of the new party recruits, but it hardly indicates a massive Nixon effort to woo the Negro vote.

Apart from the Negroes, however, there is something for every Republican in Nixon's message. And while it is true that he is a two-time loser, there don't seem to be many winners around.

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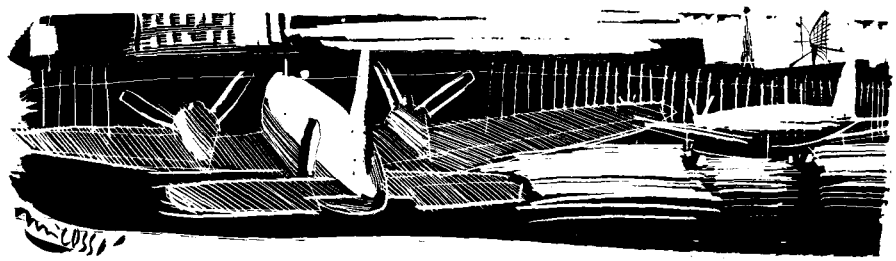

East Germany: The Prosperous Prisoner

WELLES HANGEN

EAST GERMANY, once considered the shakiest satellite in Eastern Europe, is beginning to show a robust instinct for survival. Five years ago this month, a wall was built through the heart of Berlin that outraged the western world. By sealing off the last escape route to the West, the Wall convinced East German workers that the only likely alternative to life under Communism is death on the barbed-wire barrier that splits their nation. Walter Ulbricht's seventeen million subjects chose the lesser evil and, toiling with Teutonic vigor, have built up the economic strength of East Germany to a point that enables its unloved autocrat and his Socialist Unity, or Communist, Party (SED) to play a more aggressive role within the Soviet bloc and vis-à-vis West Germany. Three hundred thousand Soviet troops are still stationed throughout the country, but they are no longer the régime's only prop.

The German Democratic Republic (GDR) is now the second most important industrial power in the Communist world and Europe's sixth largest industrial producer. The country exports machine tools, optical goods, office equipment, railway cars, ships, and complete chemical plants to more than one hundred countries on every continent. East German textile machinery has now been licensed for production in the United States. Since 1964 East Germany claims to have exceeded the highest prewar industrial production of Hitler's Reich, which was four times as large in area and had almost four times as many people. According to official Communist statistics, which are accepted as generally reliable by the U.N. Economic Commission, the GDR now produces per capita more cement than Britain, more steel than Italy, more electricity than France, and more chemicals than any other country except the United States.

Still Paying the Price

Though the citizens of the GDR enjoy the highest standard of living in the Communist world, their rump state on the north European plain remains a gray and cheerless place compared to bustling, Americanized West Germany. The villages, almost depopulated after the forcible collectivization of agriculture in 1960, look like relics of the German past preserved in formaldehyde. Even in the larger cities the cobbled streets are deserted by 6 P.M. As East Germans readily admit, "We are the real losers of the Second World War. Our country was destroyed and what was left was taken by the Russians for reparations. We're still paying the price of defeat."

Self-pity is now tinged with a defiant pride in what has been accomplished despite all odds. "The West Germans got off easily," a young writer and SED member told me. "We didn't choose this damned system but we've made a success of it anyway. The real economic miracle is here."

Largely responsible for these economic achievements is a new generation of manager-technocrats who, despite the opposition of many of the SED's old guard, are less concerned with ideology than with getting results.

Typical of the pragmatic reformers is forty-two-year-old Helmut Wiedmer, who runs the production side of twenty-two state-owned plants manufacturing computers, photographic goods, and industrial regulating equipment. "There's a kind of natural selection going on here," he explained to me in his East Berlin office. "The old dogmatic bureaucrats are being replaced by younger, technically qualified men. We still have lots of incompetents and time-servers, but they're gradually being weeded out."

Wiedmer produced two calling cards—one in German, the other in English—and listed some of the countries he had visited on business that year: Poland, Russia, West Germany, Japan, and Canada. "I even looked into your country from Vancouver," he told me. "Unfortunately, we can't go to America—not yet."

Wiedmer, like most of the younger East German executives, wears the SED button in his lapel but never allows his party membership to obscure his vision of personal profit and preferment. The road to both, he is convinced, lies through what East Germans call "the New System of Economic Planning and Directing the Economy." Shorn of its cumbersome Teutonic nomenclature, this amounts to an officially sanctioned economic revolution. The original inspiration came from the Soviet economist Dr. Yevsei G. Liberman, but the East Germans have carried it further than anyone else in the Communist world. The "New System" is a far-reaching effort to use the principles of a market-oriented economy, based on supply-and-demand relationships, to overcome the economic stagnation that has afflicted Communist states for at least a decade. It is East Germany's economic counterpart of political de-Stalinization.

Wiedmer and his fellow managers in some eighty state-run industries can now reinvest profits from their enterprises or distribute them as bonuses to the work force. They can

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hire and fire, design new products, retool their assembly lines, and sign individual contracts with customers and suppliers at home and abroad—all without getting special permission from the government. They are now encouraged to borrow money from East German banks, which have been ordered to start looking for potential borrowers instead of treating them like class enemies.

The new managers must still operate within the limits set by the national economic plan, and they are subject to financial control by one of the nine industrial ministries re-established last December in a move to prevent economic decentralization from getting out of hand. But, as Wiedmer points out, "If your plants make profits, you don't see the planning people for long stretches. They don't come around here very often, I can assure you."

Under the old system in East Germany and other Communist countries, artificial prices, hidden state subsidies, and misleading statistics of physical output concealed economic stagnation. But in the GDR today, subsidies have been cut or canceled, industrial plants have been revalued, statistics have been revamped, and a beginning has been made toward setting up a flexible price system that reflects actual market conditions. These reforms go beyond what the Russians or anyone else in the Communist orbit has attempted.

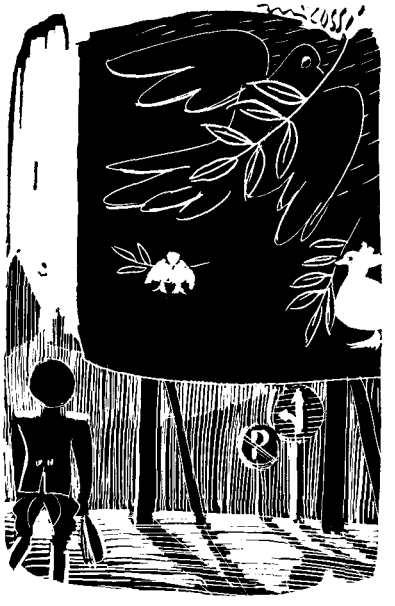
"We have to compete," Wiedmer says flatly. "As much as forty per cent of our output is exported, and almost half of that goes to capitalist countries like Japan, West Germany, and Sweden. Now we base our prices and quality on the world standard." For the GDR and other Communist countries, the "world standard" is the capitalist standard.

Death of a Planner

The apostles of East Germany's new economic system must still contend with the old "tonnage ideology"—the cult of producing the heaviest possible products for the sake of fulfilling arbitrary plan targets, regardless of cost or marketability. They must also fight politically motivated interference, especially from Moscow.

That this battle is by no means won is shown by the fate of the man generally regarded as the father of East Germany's economic reforms, the late Erich Apel. Like his fellow technocrats in the GDR, Apel was an engineer first and a party member second. In fact, he did not even deem it necessary to join the SED until 1957, two years after he had become Minister of Heavy Machine Building and five years after his return from the Soviet Union, where he had spent time in a prisoner-of-war camp and had helped reassemble German plants removed by the Russians for reparations.

When the SED embarked on its economic reforms in 1963 it named Apel, already a candidate member of the Politburo, to be chairman of the State Planning Commission, the top economic job in the country. Two years later on a trip to Moscow with Ulbricht, he refused to sign a



five-year trade agreement harnessing the country's economy to Soviet needs. In the margin of a goods list later smuggled to the West, Apel penciled the percentage overcharge compared to world market prices that East Germany was paying for raw-material imports from Russia: crude oil, 88.3 per cent; diesel fuel, 80 per cent; coal, 83.6 per cent; chrome ore, 113.4 per cent; and pig iron, 86.4 per cent.

Apel's obstinate resistance to Soviet demands caused a crisis in relations between Russia and its once docile German satellite. At the end of November, 1965, Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet Communist Party chief, flew to East Berlin. He insisted that the draft agreement providing for $15 billion in trade over the next five years be signed without further delay. Ulbricht was ready to yield but Apel continued to hold out. Finally, on the morning of December 3 the Soviet side issued an ultimatum: sign by 11 A.M. or else. During a recess in the negotiations, Apel's Politburo colleagues told him there was no choice but to comply. A few minutes later the planning chief entered his office, pulled a revolver from his desk drawer, and shot himself. He was forty-eight.

EAST GERMANY's economic revolution did not end with Apel. It is being carried on by new cabinet ministers like thirty-seven-year-old Rudi Georgi, who as head of the sheet-iron and metalwares industry used to boast to western visitors, "I'm the boss, not the politicians." Gerhard Zimmermann, forty-four, the man responsible for building East Germany's Warnow shipyards into one of the biggest operations in Europe, is now Minister of Heavy Machinery and Installation Construction. Dr. Günther Mittag, Politburo chief of heavy industry and construction and one of Apel's closest collaborators, is thirty-nine years old. The Central Committee's top specialist in distribution and supply problems, Dr. Werner Jarowinski, is only thirty-eight, the same age as Wolfgang Lungershausen, head of the GDR's highly successful office-machine industry. The average age of directors at the huge Schwarze Pumpe lignite and coke center is thirty-four.

Despite the changing character of relations between Moscow and East Berlin the SED is still in no position to defy the Russians on a crucial issue. The GDR is obliged to import more than ninety-five per cent of its raw materials and more than a third of its grain. Russia supplies ninety-four per cent of East Germany's oil needs and almost the entire grain deficit (except when the Soviet harvest fails) as well as the bulk of other imported primary products. The GDR has little hope of ever becoming self-sufficient in food

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and no hope of developing an adequate raw-material base of its own. East Germany accounts for twenty-three per cent of Soviet foreign trade, but the Soviet Union accounts for more than half of East Germany's external commerce.

The five-year trade agreement signed last December ties the GDR to the Soviet Union more closely than ever. Even exploration for offshore oil along East Germany's Baltic coast is being conducted jointly with Soviet engineers. The GDR is particularly vulnerable to Soviet economic pressure because it has no highly salable export commodity with which it can earn foreign exchange in the West.

Fraternal Subversion

The most serious challenge to the GDR's new-found status in the Communist world comes from other Eastern European capitals where the traffic in western ideas and goods has reached alarming proportions from the SED's standpoint. Ulbricht has repeatedly warned East German intellectuals against drawing inspiration from the western cultural influences now gaining ground in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and, earlier, in Poland. Even more obnoxious to the SED has been the readiness of its "fraternal" Eastern European allies to forsake the Soviet bloc's long-held contention that Allied-occupied West Berlin is a separate political entity not under the jurisdiction of the West German Federal Republic.

Poland was the first Communist state in Eastern Europe to defy the taboo on signing a trade agreement with Bonn that also included West Berlin. A West German trade mission opened in Warsaw in September, 1963. Visiting Poland later that month, Ulbricht was his usual tactless self: "When the West German militarists talk about commercial relations with Poland," he said, "they have in mind the tearing of Poland from the rest of the socialist camp." The SED's theoretical monthly *Einheit* ("Unity") warned that West Germany was threatening Communist-bloc countries with "economic blackmail, political pressure, and ideological subversion." All the unwanted advice was ignored. Poland even seemed to enjoy its peril and began negotiating with Krupp and several other West German firms on agreements for jointly owned factories in Poland to produce for European and overseas markets.

Premature publicity as well as the ideological scruples of the older Polish Communists scuttled those efforts, but in September, 1965, a joint trading company was set up to organize co-operation between Polish and West German plants in planning, production, and sales of construction machinery and food-processing equipment. The company is controlled by a Polish state trading agency. More such companies are expected to be set up.

While Poland cultivates economic ties with West Germany, it continues to run heavy deficits in trade with the GDR. The Poles make up some of the gap by imposing heavy transit charges on Soviet-East German trade conducted across Poland. The East Germans have retaliated by making Poland route its oil shipments to West Berlin via Helmstedt, 110 miles to the west on the East-West German border. East Germany is ready to accept payment for its exports to Poland in the form of more Polish coal and coke, but Warsaw prefers to sell in the West. The East Germans consider themselves ill requited for the long-term loan they made in the late 1950's that enabled Poland to modernize its coal industry.

"We warned them against relying on western markets," an SED economist told me, "but they went ahead and expanded to meet Western European demand. Now that has dried up and the Poles are in trouble. They have serious unemployment and lots of idle capacity. But we're not going to bail them out again."

When I visited the "frontier of peace" at Wilhelm-Pieck-Stadt (formerly Guben) on the Neisse, I found armed East German and Polish guards staring at one another across a deserted bridge. "They're friends over there," a young East German soldier told me with a smile, but the atmosphere hardly bore out his words. Like all the GDR's other frontiers, the "frontier of peace" is closed. It will stay closed as long as the Poles refuse to extradite East German refugees, including some of the GDR's most talented painters, who have been fleeing across the border in search of a more congenial artistic climate since 1956.

The Lure of Bonn

Czechoslovakia is the only Communist state that borders on both East and West Germany. For a long time the Czechs steadfastly ignored the Federal Republic. Now in the mid-1960's they are increasingly interested in developing trade and other relations with Bonn, even at the expense of their "fraternal" ties to the GDR. Last September, a high Prague official said Czechoslovakia desired normal relations with West Germany "more than with any other European country." The stumbling block is Bonn's refusal to declare the Munich agreement, by which Hitler extorted the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia, legally null and void.

Resentful of Bonn's attitude on the Munich treaty and reluctant to alienate the GDR, Czechoslovakia has so far refused to sign a trade agreement in which the Federal Republic would be allowed to speak for West Berlin. Nevertheless, even without a formal agreement, West Germany has already supplanted Britain as Czechoslovakia's main western trade partner, and West German tourists are flocking to Prague and Brno in ever larger numbers. Lufthansa, the West German airline, opened its first regular service to any Soviet-bloc country with a flight to Prague last April. Krupp's plenipotentiary

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is a welcome guest at Czech trade fairs, and the Prague Radio recently broadcast a glowing appreciation of his firm.

Despite these differences, Czechoslovakia and East Germany share the misfortune of being the two perennial food importers in Comecon, the Soviet bloc's economic organization. Their difficulties are compounded by the fact that Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Romania, the bloc's food exporters, are far more interested in earning hard capitalist currency than in aiding

their socialist allies. When the Soviet grain harvest falls short, as it does with depressing frequency, the Czechs and East Germans must disgorge their own small reserve of foreign exchange to import food from capitalist producers. With some reason, therefore, they regard themselves as the aggrieved members of Comecon and often present a united front at meetings of the organization.

Food is by no means the only reason for coolness between the SED and the Romanian régime. When Moscow still hoped to subjugate the Romanians in an integrated Comecon, Ulbricht denounced the renegades in Bucharest for insisting on having their own heavy industry and upbraided the late Premier Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej for buying capital goods in the West instead of the GDR and other bloc countries. SED economists were commissioned to produce learned articles proving that Romania was violating the "socialist division of labor." The Romanians evened the score by exchanging trade missions with Bonn in December, 1963, after signing a trade agreement that included West Berlin.

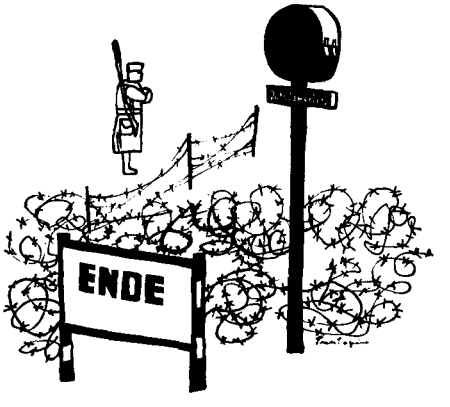
Ulbricht assailed Bonn's "double-dealing policy" at the Romanian party congress in July, 1965, but Bucharest continued to patronize Ruhr suppliers. West Germany is now Romania's second largest trading partner after Russia. A further increase in exchanges was foreshadowed by the Romanian Foreign Trade Minister's visit to Bonn last May. That same month the Romanians granted consular status to the West German mission in Bucharest in exchange for similar privileges accorded the Romanian trade office in Frankfurt. At a Warsaw Pact meeting in Moscow in July, Romania's Foreign Minister reportedly refused to sign a statement branding Bonn a troublemaker, despite charges of "treason" from his GDR colleague.

THE GDR has inherited little of Germany's traditional prestige in Hungary and Bulgaria. Both countries are "fraternal socialist allies" and both offer natural markets for East German goods, but neither has shown any particular desire to develop its relations with the "first German peace state." On the contrary, Hungary and Bulgaria have each signed trade agreements with Bonn incorporating the Berlin clause and have exchanged trade missions with the Federal Republic. Under a supplementary agreement signed in November, 1965, Hungarian trade with West Germany has risen twenty per cent to a volume of $150 million this year. Hungary also signed an agreement with Krupp for the production of machine tools designed jointly by Krupp and Hungarian engineers. The Hungarians are already co-operating industrially with the West German Rheinstahl company and negotiating with other Ruhr concerns. The "Intermetall" project, formed in July, 1964, for joint administration of steel rolling mills in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, at first pointedly excluded the GDR, one of the bloc's main metal producers.

From an ideological standpoint, Ulbricht would probably feel more at home in Sofia than anywhere else in Eastern Europe today, but even there he would not find the atmosphere completely congenial. West Germany is now Bulgaria's fourth largest trading partner, and Todor Zhivkov, the Bulgarian Premier, talks enthusiastically about "mixed ventures" with western concerns to develop Bulgaria's manganese and other resources. More Bulgarian fruits and vegetables, sorely needed in the GDR, will be destined for West German markets under an agreement to boost trade between Bonn and Sofia by fifty per cent over the 1964 level. West German firms are already making deep inroads in working out co-operation agreements with the Bulgarians.

The pattern of change in Eastern Europe today mocks Stalinists and reformers alike. Ideological loyalties tend more and more to go by the board in the feverish pursuit of hard currency and good bargains which in turn feeds and is fed by an embryonic nationalism. In the GDR, despite its continuing economic and political servitude to the Soviet Union—and perhaps partly because of it—the new nationalism is increasingly audible. And its leaders, who take pride in what one analyst calls "the posture of the prescient, ever-correct party leadership" now assumed by the SED, are already showing signs of a familiar Germanic superiority.

This new attitude was clearly reflected in a remark by the director of Leipzig University's Institute of Marxism-Leninism, who told me in all earnestness: "Conditions are very different, of course, in a highly industrialized country like the GDR and in a huge, underdeveloped country like the Soviet Union. There it takes a long time for changes to seep down from the top."



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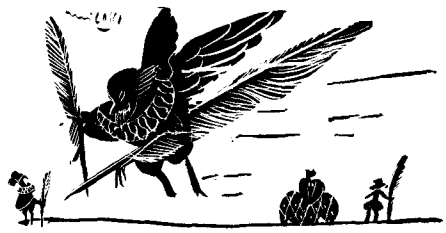

Prejudice and Hope

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THERE is a temptation, as you grow older, to become a Cassandra. Whatever your field of interest, you begin to feel that it is becoming a wasteland. You tend to point the long finger of foreboding and give tongue to your sense of doom. Yet nothing could be more fruitless. The future will always be different from what you think.

It would be foolhardy, therefore, for me to hazard a guess, just because I have been reading and reviewing contemporary books for the past thirty-odd years, as to what fresh waters will flow into the river of literature around the next bend in time. But it might be pertinent to have a look at those flowing past us now.

The most obvious fact about the river today is its apparently uncontrollable swell. Its self-appointed engineers, the publishers, seem either unwilling or unable to fortify its banks, harness its power, and guide its course. If it continues to rise at the present rate, readers and publishers alike may be drowned in it.

There is no use in pointing out the debris floating by, since, as we all know, it will soon sink. All that is safe to say about the future direction of literature—about the future direction of anything, for that matter, that depends on imagination—must be said in terms of hope.

NOTHING is as personal as hope, since it is largely determined by prejudices that have taken root long before they can be recognized for what they are. In my own case, for instance, having been an addict of novels since earliest childhood, my chief prejudice about them undoubtedly stems from the fact that what fiction was first made available to me in my parents' rather large but prevailingly nineteenth-century library consisted, to the exclusion of all later fiction, of the standard sets of Victorian novels. I read them all. Before I knew it, their tone—their humanism, their heroics, their sense of right and wrong, their ample rhetoric—had become my sounding board. Of the absence of contemporary novels I was not even aware. I did not know they were being written. I was living, as it were, behind my time. I was wearing a mental bustle long after bustles had gone out. When, finally, I found the works of Huxley and D. H. Lawrence and Fitzgerald, the earth trembled beneath my feet and I went reeling into my own time, grabbing for masterpiece and trash alike, making no aesthetic distinctions between them, wholly fascinated and enthralled by what I took to be their amorality. I was unaware that in judging them amoral, I already had a built-in prejudice. Today, so many years and so many amoral books later, I have it still.

I continue to believe that literature is great, and will always be great, only insofar as it takes not an explicit but an implicit moral stand; insofar as it reflects some sense of values (what is called in the current jargon value judgments); insofar as it is internally polarized between some concept of good and bad, of right and wrong. It does not matter what stand, what values, what good and bad or right and wrong. But it does matter that that which is said in a book should not be said in a moral vacuum, since to strip us of our moral dimension is to rob us of essential humanity. Like most convictions, this is of course a prejudice. It is a prejudice for literature with a purpose, against writing for writing's sake.

It can be argued that writing for writing's sake is no longer in vogue today. Writers no longer deliberately pursue carved ivories of speech or set themselves afire with a hard, gem-like flame. There is little hearing left for the small voice that used to speak in such careful accents. Not only the low pitch but the cultivation of cultivation is unfashionable. Style and emphasis and even content have changed. There is no more toe dancing, no more pirouetting, no more elegant *pas de deux*, no more unearthly and deathless dying of the swan. The stage has become a gymnasium, the tutus have given way to tights, prancing is now stamping, violence has taken the place of grace, love has turned into rape and death into murder. Yet still it is the ballet, still a graphic, still a miming art. This new school of dance has its prima ballerinas: the Henry Miller of the *Tropics*, the William Burroughs of *The Naked Lunch*, the Genêt of all his works. When the curtain falls on them, their audience is left with little else but brazen images and shock.

OURS being an era of revolutions, it is not unnatural that the past in literature as well as in politics has fallen out of favor. But it is no more possible to make a *tabula rasa* of the literary heritage bred into our blood and bones than it would be to reverse the clock of literature in its inexorable forward motion that has already fixed by now in the context of history a Céline, a Brecht, a Camus, a Thurber, a Hemingway, and a Faulkner. The present avant-garde (fated, like all avant-gardes, to wind up as the rear guard of the generation now on its heels) assumes, as avant-gardes always do assume, that if they experiment enough they will make a discovery. The Robbe-Grillets, the Sarrautes, and the Butors of the moment do

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not seem to know that a new voice that has never been heard before is not manufactured but inborn.

The New Novel to the contrary, I cannot believe that the human condition will not continue to be the main concern of writers until the Day of Judgment. Nor do there seem to be grounds for doubting that the human condition, composed of its all too familiar elements of terror and excitement, misery and longing, defiance of mortality and intimations of immortality, will remain the same as it was when Job argued with God and as it is today when both the avant-garde and the rear guard and all the writers in between are worrying in their respective fashions the facts of life.

It would be a welcome change to see less literature about literature, fewer appraisals of writers midway in their life's work, less eagerness among the critics to shoot down the very writers whose rise to fame they helped to launch. Among the factual books, the fashion of refashioning the facts to fit the requirements of dramatic narrative endangers respect for fact. Biography could use a new broom, here and there, to sweep it clean of interference and conjecture and the temptation to peep into dead privacies through hypothetical Freudian keyholes.

History needs not more but less entanglement with pseudo history (insofar as they can ever be completely disentangled), and confinement to what was provably rather than what was probably said and done, even at the cost of less juicy readability. Journalism might try putting away the historian's cap and gown in the closet and resuming the business suit that is more suited to its status. And for that new hothouse hybrid, the so-called nonfiction novel, I can think of no better solution to its ambiguous future than for its progenitors to practice contraception in cold blood.

IT WOULD BE welcome, too, if those writers who belong to minority groups were to pool their troubles with those who belong to the human race at large. The Jewish writers who are Jews in name only (and that is most of them, except for Isaac Bashevis Singer, Henry Roth, and sometimes Bernard Malamud) and who look back at the Jewish religion and customs with the teary but somewhat patronizing glance generally reserved for childish things long since abandoned, might cease writing as Jews. They could take a leaf from the Catholic writers who seldom write as such unless, like Mauriac, Greene, Flannery O'Connor, and J. F. Powers, they are writing within the context of their faith or the loss of it. Negro writers, too, should soon feel that they could afford to lay aside their Negritude, which is not a discipline but a yoke,

put their humanity above their complexions, and refuse—as, for one, Ralph Ellison stubbornly refuses—to capitalize on private pain.

Since the anti-novel has not yet engulfed us, there are still enough ante anti-novels to generalize about. If young writers of first autobiographical novels were to stop bewailing their loss of sexual innocence as though it were a unique fatality and write, while they are still so close to it, about the purity of motive, the disinterestedness, and the wonder that innocence really is, they might give back to that word its pristine dignity.

On the other hand, readers would surely gain deeper insight into the meaning of experience (presumably most readers' goal) if the mature writers of autobiographical novels wrote their stories in the first person singular and made a clean breast of their *Herzogs,* crawling out to the end of the limb of honesty despite every chance that it would be cut down from under them, instead of covering themselves with a fictive cloak and exhibiting themselves from between its folds.

Whether the exploitation of sexual love in contemporary fiction is a permanent current or not, it is hard to say. By now writers have carried it so far and taught their readers so to bank on it that they would be hard put to it to reverse their course, the things that pop out of Pandora's box never having been known to pop into it again, any more than there can be a first kiss again after the second. But here, if anywhere, there would be justification for making a *tabula rasa,* for restating in new terms love's irrationalities and exaltations, for eliminating from the printed page the step-by-step re-enactment of the so little variable act. Perhaps the time will come when writers have had enough of the mean embarrassments of the body and drop them out of their prose and poetry, remembering again, after their long period of forgetfulness, that the poetics of the body (with which they are so concerned) lies precisely in its capacity to transcend itself and catch fire from the mind.

As to whether writers will ever give up their present escalation of violence for violence's sake and relegate it to a muffled drumbeat, there is little hope of their doing so until that unenvisageable day when the affairs of men—of which literature is but a reflection and interpretation—can be so orchestrated as to go off without a bang.

PHILOSOPHICALLY, there is a certain fuzziness in today's serious fiction. Writers seem to be confused, for example, about the role of the individual in society. They blame society for the ills and misdeeds of the individual, thereby relieving the individual of responsibility for himself and of his share of responsibility for the society of which he is part. At the same time, they also blame society for deliberately destroying the individual, for ironing out the uniqueness that distinguishes him, for depriving him of what they call his sense of identity. They appear to want society both to interfere and not to interfere, two attitudes that are mutually exclusive. Either the individual takes full responsibility for himself and thus achieves his individuality, or else he places the responsibility for himself on the lap of society and thus gives up what makes him most individual.

Moreover, the claim of lost identity, which has become the cry of writers everywhere, does not withstand closer examination. Iden-

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tity is one of the few things that are ineradicable. If we look for it *sub specie aeternitatis,* of course it is hard to find. But if we look for it, as most of us do, in the light of the moment, it is not only impossible not to find it but impossible to lose it. We are chained to our identities, and although we do not know where we are going or why, we know perfectly well that it is we, and none other, who must go there. Indeed, the imprisonment of the modern mind within itself is the main cause of the narrowness and subjectivity of so much contemporary fiction. Only to the degree that the novelist frees himself to step out of his own chamber and venture into the rest of the house and the garden beyond it and the surrounding country can he create a world that his readers will recognize as round.

CONSIDERING the bloody history of our lifetime, there is small wonder that the theory of human perfectibility so generally accepted in the Victorian era should now be thought of as dead. Nor is there any wonder that writers, whose antennae record the slightest tremor, should have been profoundly shaken by its death. But in killing the hero and erecting the anti-hero in his place, they have gone too far. None of us can believe any more, in this age of new self-revelation, in the consistently virtuous character, the constantly heroic posture. Knowing ourselves for the configurations of mixed motives that we are, we can no longer identify ourselves with idols unless we are shown their clay feet. The old hero has vanished from the scene. But the anti-hero of the new fiction, the man who manages never to have a decent motive, never to meet a challenge head-on, never to rise to an occasion, is fully as hard to believe in. Heroism has not gone out with the hero. Life will not let us off so easily. Some heroism (great or small does not matter, since heroism has no price) is demanded at one time or another of everyone. If writers are to go on pursuing the truth about human character and experience (and what else is their concern?), they will have to carry the new anti-hero beyond his anti-heroism and restore to him, in an even deeper plumbing of his potentialities, the chance at least to be heroic once again.

One of the chief pitfalls of Cassandras is to crystallize before the end of their time and remain unaware of their own crystallization. To fight off, with the encroaching years, the hardening of tastes and sensibilities is no mean task. But a still more worrisome task is to try to decide which of them stem from prejudice and which from hope.

My hope for writers in the not too distant future is that they will look back with nausea at the nausea of this period, with amazement at their conviction of our absurdity, with incredulity at the dehumanization of human beings in which they are now so solemnly engaged. I hope they will regain some measure for man, together with an awe and a sense of mystery, the lack of which diminishes rather than enhances their writings of today. Above all, I hope they regain their hope.

A Paradise Island, Entire Unto Itself

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

COLOMBO, CEYLON

THE CAR is an old taxi and the driver a stickler for detail. As we set off for a thousand-mile tour of Ceylon he flips down the flag on his meter and we go tick-tick-ticking out from under the canopied panoply of the Galle Face Hotel, a pile of Victorian brick whose main distinction is that it has yes no potted banana-palm orchestra. We have a thousand miles of paradise ahead—need I say less? Not poet, not picture postcard can do justice to this pearl of an island: palm-fringed beaches, ruined temples, wild elephants, quantities of the most beautiful lithe women in the whole world, and Mount Pidurutalagala (8,294 feet). So he turns on the meter.

Caroming down the road that leads south from Colombo, I count 1,324 clicks to the mile and calculate with IBM-swift rapidity that by the time we return we shall have ticked one billion, seven hundred and three times.

The road is lined three deep with schoolgirls on their way to their girls' schools, in white blouses and white skirts and ties of several colors. For about five minutes we see schoolgirls with green ties, then for another five minutes schoolgirls with red ties, then for another five minutes schoolgirls with blue ties, etc. The zones overlap at the edges, where the colors are mixed: the girls in red ties are on one side of the road, butterflies in migration, waiting for a bus to take them north, and the girls in blue ties are on the other side waiting for a bus to take them south. The busses are ex-London double-deckers that once plied the trade routes between Victoria Station and Notting Hill, and are now living out their old age lumber-

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ing up and down these palm-fringed roads, their tops brushing the coconuts.

After about 13,452 tick-tick-ticks we stop at a stupa where the driver goes to say a quick prayer and buy a lottery ticket under benign auspices, and while he is thus engaged I jam a piece of convenient coconut into the meter and succeed in stilling forever the sound of the paradise accumulator.

Later there is the excellent sight of fishermen's daughters in flowered sarongs and short jackets spinning rope from coconut fiber. Exchange of smiles. They also distill arrack (palm wine) from coconuts, which makes whiskey almost superfluous—what am I saying! We are on our way to Hikaduwa, which is known to the Ceylonese as the place where one can go out in a glass-bottomed boat and to see the coral reefs. "You must stop at Hikaduwa," your friends say. "It's a place where you can go out in a glass-bottomed boat and see the coral reefs." At the edge of this beach the government has erected a modern palm-fringed rest house (alias tourist lodge) which is full of packaged Swiss couples busy turning the regulation shade of *homard* pink before being whisked back to Basel and Biele-Bienne.

Seen through the burbling glass bottom of the boat, the coral reefs are certainly an unforgettable sight in a delicate range of hues: gray, beige, brown, buff, olive drab, and dun, occasionally shading over into khaki. They draw cries of startled delight from the Swiss couples in the glass-bottomed boat. "Over there, if you go swimming with a mask, the colors are even more stunning," we are told. We are shipping water through a crack in the glass, but manage to gurgle back to shore for a hearty repast of bananas and beer.

At Yala, the wildlife sanctuary in the southeast corner of the island, we meet the elephants. In this vast stretch of desolate country there are hundreds of wild elephants leading lives of quiet contemplation. Things are so arranged that they are unmolested except by other elephants, and then only rarely. Feeding and family life is what they do, mostly, plus a little sandbathing and frequent submersions in water holes. We watch an elephant stroll into the water until it comes up to his knees. He stops and considers. After a while he goes in up to his neck. Finally nothing is visible except the topmost bump of his capacious cranium. Half an hour later he stomps out; that is all.

As the car jogs gently over the dirt track, we gaze in goggle-eyed misunderstanding at herds of exotic deer, elk, wild pig, wild buffalo. We rouse two leopards from their afternoon naps in the trees. We do not feed or annoy the animals: not long ago an elephant took umbrage at an automobile (a case of instant dislike, it is said, rather than some long-

remembered slight) and mashed it into a matchbox miniature in a matter of minutes. The driver escaped, but henceforth regarded himself unsafe at any water hole.

On the way out of Yala at sundown (the prescribed hour) we see an iguana slicking across the road, his hips shimmying to a conga rhythm, the tail weaving to a cha-cha-cha; a very smooth, swinging, but oddly disjointed performance. The water holes are now full of indolent wild buffalo, the only unemployed water buffalo on the whole island. Perched on their heads are those white symbiotic birds (remind me to find out what they are called) pecking a late afternoon snack from a buffalo's hide, and hopping from one to the other like junior executives at a cocktail party.

The car coughs up several miles of sharply curving road and then we are in the highlands. A Scotch mist stipples the face. Cold up here at five, six thousand feet. Sweater on. Synchronize your watches. A completely new landscape, new situation. Splendid scenery. Tea as far as the eye can see; vast deep-green astrakhan spread out over the steep slopes and verdant valleys. Happy tea pickers, huge baskets slung over their backs, and singing and laughing among the tea bushes, pick-pick-picking the green new leaves with fast flick-flicking motions like salamander tongues, so that you can have your afternoon tea. These happy tea pickers have come all the way from India and are paid on the incentive scale: twenty-five cents a day and all the tea they can drink. A young tea planter tells us that they have discovered Vitamin E in tea, which he expects will be good for sales, and he is obviously very fulfilled and contented when he says that he drinks tea all the time.

Nearby, at the town of Nuwara Eliya (pronounced New Rail-ya), we live the high life at six thousand feet. The Grand Hotel here is probably the only grand hotel in the world where no one is trying to impress anybody: wooden floors creak gently beneath your feet; there is solid masonry quiet; brass doorknobs gleam like the bellies of well-rubbed idols; retired colonels stalk the halls; giant matrimonial-size bathtubs with lion feet stand in the bathrooms that are clustered together, Queen Victoria style, at one end of the corridor; and there are soft beds, soft beds, soft. . . .

Driving north on the road to Kandy and descending from the highlands, we pass tremendous abysses and towering rock faces. Time here to take note that the island consists of very ancient Archean gneisses overlaid in many sections with thick metamorphosed sediments, such as quartzite, granulite, and crystalline limestone. The Khondalite series is folded in a complex syncline with a general north-northwest, south-southeast axial trend. Following that trend, we return to the plains, the hot weather, stunning women, bandicoots, coconuts, palmyra, citronella, cacao, cardamoms, and areca nuts. In due course we come to a rock that looks like a mountain dropped accidentally on the plains, and nearby the rest

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house is always full of guests. This is Sigyria.

Here, fifteen hundred years ago, someone painted a series of ladies on the walls of a niche halfway up the rock—beautiful court ladies, astonishing ladies, with superb full bosoms and wasp waists, who seem to be nude but reveal themselves, upon closer inspection, to be wearing blouses of some extremely transparent stuff. We clamber up to their dizzying eyrie by way of a rickety iron staircase installed by thoughtful archaeologists, and there, before these fifth-century girls in their fifth-century finery, we have deep, reverential thoughts. The rock gallery leaves only a precarious foothold: on one hand the voluptuous ladies, on the other a sheer hundred-foot drop to eternity. Seldom are the choices in life so clearly divided: being or nothingness, creation or destruction, virgins or vertigo? The mind reels, and the climb back down is doubly difficult.

From Sigyria one goes on to pursue the archaeology gambit in Polonnaruwa and Anuradhapura, capitals of vanished Buddhist empires. Break out the guidebook. It helps to know that there were kings like Dutthagamani and Gajabahu, Vijayabahu and Parakramabahu, whose men built the giant temples and royal palaces where humpbacked cows now graze among the stone columns that stick up out of the sod at odd angles.

At night in the rest-house dining room the packaged English ladies who have spent all day among the ruins are memorizing their dynasties for the morrow's explorations, and the murmur has a dulcet ring in our ears: vijayagajabadutthgamaparakramanissankamahasen. . . . Their voices blend with the mellow sound of frogs croaking in the great artificial lake beside the house (dammed up in the fifth century by one of those selfsame kings), and also with the rhythm of the yellow electric fans whirling everywhere overhead. Summ - summ - summ - summ - summ, they go all night above your head, contriving to blow a bit of breeze through the tight mesh of your mosquito netting. The beds are amenable, the island dark, and there are long-tailed monkeys right next door, sleeping in Parakramabahu's granite palace.

Midsummer Miscellany

ROLAND GELATT

THE FACT that Artur Rubinstein makes eminently satisfactory records is no longer news. He has been making them so consistently for so many years that one runs a risk of taking them for granted. What a dangerous mistake! His recent recordings are the best of his long career. And when you consider that he is at least seventy-seven years old (some reference books put his age at eighty), the marvel of them is almost unbelievable.

Do not look for spectacular effects or controversial readings. Rubinstein is no longer out to bowl you over with the sheer exuberance of his personality. "Listen," he seems to say these days, "let me just show you how this piece goes." And he proceeds to perform it with eloquent, magisterial simplicity, one phrase following the next with transparent logic, as if playing the piano were no more difficult than unrolling a spool of thread. Needless to say, this is the simplicity of great art, and behind it lies a lifetime of attention to technique and tone and timing.

One of Rubinstein's latest discs couples Schubert's *Wanderer* Fantasy with Liszt's B minor Sonata (RCA Victor 2871), two works new to his recorded repertoire. They make a pertinent pair, for Schubert's sonata-like Fantasy clearly points the way to Liszt's fantasy-like Sonata. The latter receives a more relaxed and patrician interpretation than is the norm for this strenuously rhetorical work, and it responds well to the serene treatment; but the Schubert sticks longer in the memory, particularly for its exquisite Adagio variations, which Rubinstein colors with all the wizardry at his command. Another new record consists of a Chopin miscellany (RCA Victor 2889), ranging from the dreamy Berceuse to the noble F minor Fantasy by way of the Barcarolle and the three "Moscheles" Etudes. It also claims two first recordings by Rubinstein—the rarely heard Bolero and Tarentelle, spirited dances of minor musical distinction to which he addresses himself with immense zest.

YEHUDI MENUHIN is another veteran recording artist who tends now to be taken for granted. To be accurate, he is a veteran recording artist who tends now to be largely ignored—at least by his own countrymen. In Europe, and especially in England (where he makes his home), Menuhin is considered one of the supreme musicians of our day, and his popularity is undiminished. Here he ceased to be box office when he ceased to be a prodigy.

Now that Menuhin has just turned fifty, perhaps the time has come for a turn in the violinist's fortunes on this side of the ocean. He is today a distinctive and probing artist, the very antithesis of the prodigal, glossy dazzler, and he deserves wider recognition in the country of his birth. Certainly there could be no more persuasive argument for Menuhin's present powers than the recording published in honor of his fiftieth birthday: the Elgar Violin Concerto, which he plays with the New Philharmonia Orchestra under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult (Angel 36330). This concerto is one of the last thoroughly optimistic compositions to be written in the twentieth century. Its tone is affirmative, yea-saying, ebullient, the piece leaving you in no doubt that all's right with the world—or at least that all was right with the world of 1910. The Elgar is also one of the most attractive romantic concertos in the repertoire, and its relative neglect by violinists is hard to explain.

Menuhin has been closely identified with the work ever since he played and recorded it under the composer's benevolent baton in those far-off prodigy days, and his 1932 recording has always been the preferred version despite a distant tubbiness of sound. That early Menuhin-Elgar collaboration will always have a nostalgic value (it has recently been transferred to LP

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—on Odeon ALP 1456, mono only, of course), but aside from that it can now be retired without regrets. The new Menuhin-Boult reading is every bit as successful. It captures just the right combination of rhapsodic swagger and soft understatement, and throughout one is aware of two musicians wholly committed to a labor of love. I am with them all the way; this is glorious music, no matter how unfashionable, and the sweep and sweetness of this performance are irresistible. The stereo sound is something very special too.

JEAN SIBELIUS is no longer quite as unfashionable as Elgar. The centenary last year persuaded conductors to take a new look at the composer's symphonies, and in the wake of those performances we are now getting an assortment of new recordings. The latest comes from Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic—the daring, concentrated, highly personal Fourth Symphony, regarded by many Sibelians as the composer's finest work (Deutsche Grammophon 138974, with *The Swan of Tuonela* as "filler"). Karajan goes all out in conveying the brooding, lonely *misterioso* aspects of this score (it is the pessimistic converse of Elgar's concerto), and the engineers co-operate by giving a marvelous immediacy to the dark, plummy tones of the Berlin instrumentalists. This is the best likeness yet of the orchestra's unique sound—a burnished, ripe solidity of utterance that suits Sibelius well. Now that the symphonies are getting good up-to-date recordings (in addition to those by Karajan there are new ones by Ansermet, Bernstein, and Maazel, not to mention a forthcoming set of all seven by Watanabe and the Japan Philharmonic), some enterprising company should give attention to Sibelius's lovely incidental music. *Rakastava* is an especial delight, but the only extant recording—a poorly stereoized reissue of an old Arthur Winograd performance (Heliodor 25023)—does it scant justice.

AFTER YEARS of neglect there are suddenly two new recordings of *The Unanswered Question* by Charles Ives, a short orchestral piece in the composer's "transcendental" vein dating from about 1908. It opens with a hushed blanket of sustained chords from the strings over which a trumpet intones a strangely mournful interrogation. Seven times its haunting question is propounded, but the only answer is a cacophonous chatter of flutes, and the vignette ends as it began, in eerie, distant quiet. Though the sound of it is characteristically Ivesian, the music has something of the lulling, mesmeric quality of Satie's *Gymnopédies*, and it is the sort of thing that demands to be played again and again. Of the two recorded performances, I favor Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia 6843) over Morton Gould with the Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor 2893). The piece goes better at the faster tempo taken by Bernstein, and Columbia's more cohesive recording acoustic is preferable to Victor's sharp separation (trumpet on the left channel, flutes on the right). Actually, *The Unanswered Question* is only incidental to other Ives music on each disc—the early, Dvorákian Symphony No. 1 in the case of Gould's, the folksy Symphony No. 3 in the case of Bernstein's—but for my ears, "the short"

At Stonehenge

Romula Bett of Beaver Falls, unaccompanied,
Confronts the Heel Stone, and finds,
From the National Monuments guidebook,
That the Druids had nothing to do with it.
How to untell the fifth grade at Beaver Falls?

The chatter of foreign tongues confounds Miss Bett:
(Bank-Holiday English sit ferries for France;
The French come to Stonehenge).
The rattle of foreign coins confounds Miss Bett:
She counts her shillings.
The shatter of foreign planes confounds Miss Bett:
American planes from the aerodrome towards Old Sarum
Blast the sky,
Dictate the terms of compromise to the Mother Country.
Magna Mater! When did the Druids die?

Time was.
The fractured instant claps, closes the past.
(Where did the Processional Avenue wend?
Where did the Western Avon flow?)
Time is.
These figures in modern dress
Rampant, with runic signs, describe a ring—
Ring within ring to the Monument's outermost barbed-wire ring—
And Tess-like, Miss Bett stands ringed as one stoned.
Time will be.
Will be mandatory for Miss Bett;
Will be: England sinks;
Will be: home;
Will be: unaccompanied old age.
Sun on the Altar at Stonehenge
Strikes the chambered heart to death.
Miss Bett in a lunar mood must meet the Salisbury bus.
Shutting at seven, the broken astronomical time-wheel
Marks time yet.

—NANCY G. WESTERFIELD

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is worth more than the feature attractions.

As a general rule, postwar avant-garde music does not win popularity contests, but there are two works composed in the post-Schoenberg serial idiom that are nudging their way into the orchestral repertoire, and they are now available back-to-back on a new recording by Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony. The pieces in question are Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* and Stravinsky's ballet *Agon* (RCA Victor 2879). The accessibility of Schuller's set of studies depends partly on its pictorial associations. Listening for the twitter in *Twittering Machine* helps listeners stomach a typically fragmented Webern-like miniature. But beyond the extramusical connotations lies a score of considerable charm and flavor. The Bostonians play it magnificently. In *Agon* Stravinsky begins with a deceptively easy diatonic fanfare and then almost imperceptibly leads us into a thicket of chromatic, serial invention. The astringent instrumentation is brilliantly contrived, and the rhythms have the incisive spring typical of Stravinsky's ballet writing. Symphony Hall in Boston is a far more resonant auditorium than the studio used in Stravinsky's own recording of *Agon,* and this tends to make the Leinsdorf performance sound less driving and brittle than the composer's, but it is none the worse for this airy ambience.

Incidentally, the latest Stravinsky-by-Stravinsky issue is a recording of the 1920 ballet *Pulcinella* (Columbia 6881), an enchanting pasticcio based on themes of Pergolesi. Inasmuch as *Pulcinella* is a sovereign exercise in orchestration, the most recent recording would normally take precedence. There is no doubt that the new version highlights orchestral detail splendidly and that stereo is a decided asset in playing up Stravinsky's delicious counterpoints. Unfortunately, the solo voices are recorded inexpertly. They have a bloated, unfocused sound, and the overmicrophoned effect is nothing at all like the "singers in the orchestra pit" to which the notes refer. In this respect, Stravinsky's Cleveland version of 1953 (now withdrawn) is a better representation.

As Who Likes It?

GERALD WEALES

IN THE SUMMER of 1963, the spanking new Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, which looks as though it were designed by an architectural modernist with a secret love for the lace of old valentines, upstaged the older, more sedate Walker Art Center, to which it is attached. The theatre was a symbol, at once strident and attractive, of the vast bustle of theatrical activity for which it was to be home. Professional theatre, for so long an occasional visitor in Minneapolis, had decided that the city was a nice place to live. The Minnesota Theatre Company, heavily larded with veterans from Stratford, Ontario, opened a season of Shakespeare, Molière, Chekhov, and Arthur Miller. The ubiquitous Tyrone Guthrie, an unsteady compound of art and energy, who had been in on the operation since before the beginning, was artistic director and father figure to the new company. The town responded excitedly. History, as the publicity throwaways still say, was being made.

Today, it is possible to pass the Walker only vaguely aware of its unlikely appendage; the theatre has begun to settle quietly into its surroundings. So has the company. It is now an accepted part of the Minneapolis cultural landscape, expected to provide a season (now extended to twenty-eight weeks) of theatrical classics about which the regular Guthrie-goer, having lost the protective attitude of the first year, is as likely to complain as to cheer.

The company, then, has found a home, which is not the same thing as being able to pay the rent. Last year, for the first time, the season ended in a deficit, made up by a passing foundation. The company's problem in the next few years, if it is not to be permanently shored up by some outside fund (as is the Minneapolis Symphony), is to build a regular audience large enough to support the repertory without watering the choice of plays or cheapening the productions. This year's decline in season subscriptions is an indication of how difficult the job will be. It falls for the most part on the shoulders of Peter Zeisler, the managing director (the other co-founder, Oliver Rea, has moved on), and Douglas Campbell, who inherited Guthrie's mantle as artistic director. Zeisler, as a man in his position would have to do, told me that he was sure the audiences were there.

FOR the first time, the season is being split in two. Three plays opened in early June—*As You Like It,* Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth,* and Strindberg's *The Dance of Death;* in September one or two of these productions will continue and will be joined by O'Neill's *S.S. Glencairn* and Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma.* A post-season production of the *Oresteia,* in a new adaptation by resident playwright John Lewin, has been announced. In a conversation with me, Zeisler hedged the announcement by saying that as yet they did not have the money to do the *Oresteia,* but if it comes off, it will almost certainly go into next season's repertory. The choice of plays this year, as in the past, is a solid and conservative reflection of the repertory's need for variety; the only unusual item is *The Dance of Death,* and since it turns up this year in London and in Stratford, Ontario, as well, it becomes this season's unsurprising surprise. Minneapolis, or any other city, should be delighted to get first-rate productions of five good and various plays. Judging by the first three plays, it will have to be satisfied with less than that—with businesslike productions of *The Dance of Death* and *The Skin of Our Teeth* and with a lamentable *As You Like It.*

The Dance of Death provides the most absorbing evening; where it fails, the fault is as much Strindberg's as it is the production's. For two closely knit acts, Strindberg draws a horrifying portrait of a marriage in which the husband and wife are held together in a love-hate relationship that is clearly

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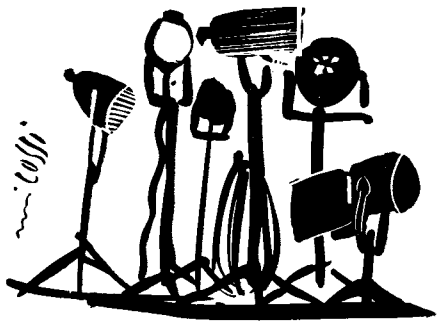
symbiotic; the running war between them is an elaborate game in which the not so innocent bystander, the mutual friend, is usually in the line of fire. The third act, a kind of afterthought for Strindberg, extends the vampiristic theme, thus weakening the focus of the play; it also introduces great amounts of unnecessary explanation, endless worrying over what is already clear. Although I found the third act interesting to watch and listen to and although it had a few very good things in it—the Captain's bravura victory scene, for instance—it lacked the power that the first two acts would have had if they had been done alone, as they usually are. Nancy Wickwire, easily the best performer in the company, is excellent as the wife, and Robert Pastene, usually far too mannered for my taste, is able to bury his own pompousness in that of the Captain and thus to catch the right note for the character. Douglas Campbell, who directs, seems intent on extracting the comic as well as the horrible from the lines. This is a sensible approach to the play, one particularly apt in the age of Albee's *Virginia Woolf*, a play invoked analogistically by most of the reviewers; the danger is that the audience may begin to laugh self-defensively, as they often seemed to be doing the night I saw the play. In the past, here and at Stratford, Campbell has shown that he enjoys playing around with a great open stage as much as the next post-Guthrie director; one of the virtues of his Strindberg production is that he recognizes how much the atmosphere of the play demands that the characters, particularly in the first two acts, be confined, trapped, held in, and he stages it in a tight circle in the center of the stage.

IT WOULD SEEM that *The Skin of Our Teeth* should be a natural for the open stage. Yet the Atlantic City revelry of Act II was cluttered and pointlessly hectic. Campbell had each of his actors intent on a little scene of his own; drunks lurched, flirts flirted, baton twirlers strutted. Everyone moved continuously so that their bit could be picked up everywhere in the auditorium. Here, however, as in most of the Shakespeare crowd scenes of the last few years, there was neither a real sense of individuality nor the feeling of a unity at work. A crowd can be wonderfully exciting if it has a focus, as Guthrie proved years ago at Stratford when he sent his Shylock into the center of a pack of taunting Venetians, or as Peter Brook proved this year in *Marat/Sade*, but otherwise it is likely to seem a scramble of busywork. Campbell's milling actors not only failed to conjure the Boardwalk, they managed to wreck Mr. Antrobus's fine convention speech. This aside, the production used rather than misused Wilder's play, getting most of his verbal jokes and his



serious points as well. The leading performers—particularly Lee Richardson as Antrobus—may have come on too rhetorically strong at the end of the play, but for the most part it was happily acted.

OF THE *As You Like It*, almost nothing favorable can be said. It follows the current fashion in Shakespeare productions of choosing a setting far removed from the original, and, like most of them, it ignores the political and social implications of the new setting. In a press booklet released by the company, the director, Edward Payson Call, gives Campbell credit for having chosen the American South after the Civil War, but Call presumably deserves the blame for the pointless way in which the setting is used. It might be (although it isn't) momentarily fetching to convert the forest of Arden into a refuge for still-limping veterans, to make Jaques a combination of Don Quixote and Robert E. Lee, and to turn Touchstone into an Irish one-man band, but how these add up to Call's "visual metaphor that expresses the essence of the play" is beyond me. The only possible way of using this setting would be to equate the defeated Southerners with the virtues of Arden, which *is* done inconsistently, and thus throw us back on the romantic view of the Civil War that becrinolined history and fiction for too many years. How about Duke Frederick as "Spoons" Butler, the Beast of New Orleans, and the Forest of Arden as a Brazilian plantation where the lost-causers go hoping to keep slavery alive? Such suggestions would not disturb Call, for he is so little interested in the play that he never finishes it, never restores Duke Senior to power, although surely Duke Frederick's conversion is the crowning bit of evidence to tell us what the Forest of Arden really is.

Even if something were to be gained by the halfway-house approach to a period, the conflict between the lines and the setting (the only Duke I remember in the American South was on a raft with Huck Finn) and between the lines and the costumes (Jaques sees a motley fool in the forest, but Touchstone wears a black coat and checkered vest) is so obvious that it is disconcerting. Perhaps the inconsistencies are supposed to be masked by the Southern accents the company adopts for the occasion, but they slip so badly that Shakespeare's words do keep coming through. These confusions are heightened by what I suppose must be called face-down direction. The wrestling match at the beginning of the play must have captured Call's imagination, for he seems incapable of staging a dramatic confrontation, like Duke Frederick's sending Rosalind into exile, without one of the principals —Rosalind in this case—being thrown flat on the ground. Those who are not thrown down do a lot of stumbling, which is not surprising considering the amount of directionless running about that goes on. There are moments when everything slows down, but these are moody tableaux that lead into ponderous readings; Jaques is forced to do his ages-of-man speech in a they-laughed-when-I-sat-down-at-the-piano scene that recalled all the great-composer movies I wriggled through in my childhood.

There would be little point in

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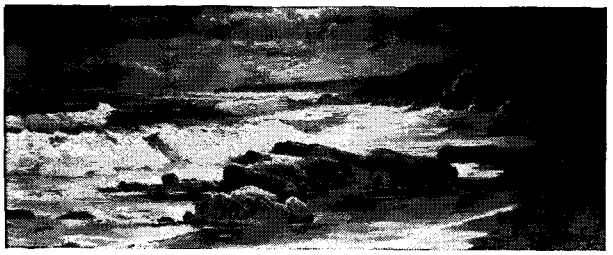
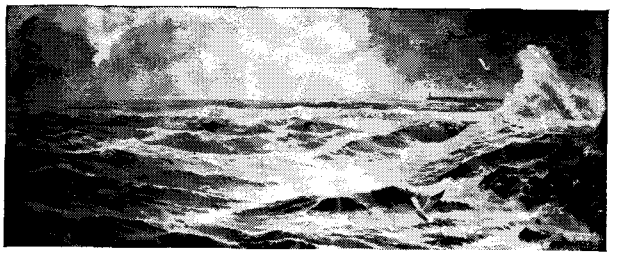
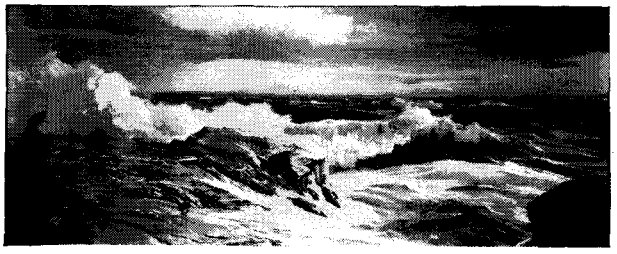


"Sunset Shore," Robert Wood



"Land's End," James Mitchell



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beating Call's dead horseplay if it were not that it is a compendium of what is wrong with the Guthrie and with most of the other regional companies I have seen. Some of the difficulty is inherent in any repertory group where the majority of the actors are likely to be no more than service performers. As a result, the director who wants each character to be a gem is forced to people his stage with ineptly drawn cartoons, characters whose quirks are not definitional but director's ideas; a good example, outside *As You Like It,* is the Lieutenant in the third act of *The Dance of Death,* who looks as though he wandered in from *Brother Rat.*

A second problem lies in the stage itself. The freedom that the open stage brings to the director is clear in every production, but the discipline that such liberation demands is seldom apparent. Too often, as in the *As You Like It,* the director acts as though he were afraid his stage would spoil if he did not use it all up at once; instead, it is the play that spoils.

FINALLY, there is Tyrone Guthrie himself. He is a wonderfully inventive and energetic director, even when he is being infuriatingly idiosyncratic, as in the *Hamlet* that opened the Guthrie in 1963. He has spawned a generation of directors, however, who lack his fire but hang onto his mannerisms and his conviction that plays are scenarios, useful only as starting points. Both Campbell and Call are in that tradition. The mannerisms are bad enough (I thought I would scream when the inevitable banners, this time Spanish moss, were rushed on stage for the last scene of *As You Like It*), but the inevitable tinkering, the invention for invention's sake, is the curse of the Guthrie inheritance. As this season indicates, the company is at its best when it is being less cute, when it is playing the play, not games.

My reaction to the first three plays in the Minneapolis season was more favorable than that of many of the local theatregoers I talked to. They were looking for magic and excitement. I was willing to settle for the serviceable. With praise like that, who needs criticism?

BOOKS

Empire of 2,000 Characters

GORDON A. CRAIG

PROMETHEUS: THE LIFE OF BALZAC. By André Maurois. Translated by Norman Denny. *Harper & Row. $10.*

In 1828 Balzac, on the run from his creditors, took refuge in an apartment in the Rue Cassini, near the Observatory. In this semi-rural retreat, he set about the task of writing himself into solvency, at a desk flanked by a mahogany bookcase and an ebony filing cabinet on which stood a plaster statuette of Napoleon. To the Emperor's sword-scabbard he attached a slip of paper bearing these words: "What he did not achieve by the sword I shall achieve by the pen. HONORE DE BALZAC."

Despite herculean efforts, Balzac never succeeded in freeing himself from debt; for the whole of his life he was hounded, in Gautier's words, by a "dense army of creditors stretching to the horizon and pressing forward like termites to devour their prey." But that he became the Napoleon of letters few would deny, and the empire he created proved more durable than the Corsican's. By the force of his imagination, he brought more than two thousand characters into existence, endowed them individually with virtues and vices, nobility and baseness, passion and pain as he saw fit, placed them in occupations and callings, bound them all together in a hierarchical social structure, and then described the ways in which their lives unfolded. The Balzacian world was, if anything, more real than the Restoration France that it mirrored; and Friedrich Engels was hinting at this when he said, "I have learnt more from Balzac than from all the professional historians, economists and statisticians put together."

INTO this "Empire upon which the intelligence never sets," as he calls it, André Maurois was "flung . . . neck and crop" by his teacher Alain, and he confesses in his foreword that he never again escaped from it. It is clear that he had no desire to do so, for he found in the *Comédie Humaine* "the truest portrayal of the eternal man" and in Goriot, Grandet, Hulot, Bette, Rastignac, Vautrin, and the others who people its pages the truest preceptors in life, "teaching us to know men and women, who do not change." It is appropriate, therefore, that in writing what he says must be his last biography, Maurois should have chosen Balzac as his subject.

He warns his readers not to expect too much. Others have analyzed the *Comédie Humaine* and written about Balzac's politics, his view of society, his religion, and the mysticism that informs works like *Louis Lambert.* This book is intended not as a study in depth but as a life of Balzac, based upon scholarly researches not available to such earlier biographers as André Billy and Stefan Zweig. Regarded solely in those terms, it is a splendid achievement, even more satisfying than the author's books on Victor Hugo and George Sand. It throws new light on Balzac's family background and his protracted affairs with Mme. de Berny and Eve Hanska; it is both circumstantial and absorbing in its descriptions of its subject's financial misadventures, which were always complicated by his penchant for spending the royalties of yet unwritten books (like the milkmaid in La Fontaine who skipped with delight at the thought of the money her milk would bring and spilled it) and for making perfectly sound but wholly untimely investments (buying railroad stock just before financial depressions, and the like); and its descriptions of his methods of work are nothing short of frightening.

"I go to bed at six or seven in the evening with the hens," he wrote to a friend during one period of furious activity. "I am awakened at

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 152

by HENRY ALLEN

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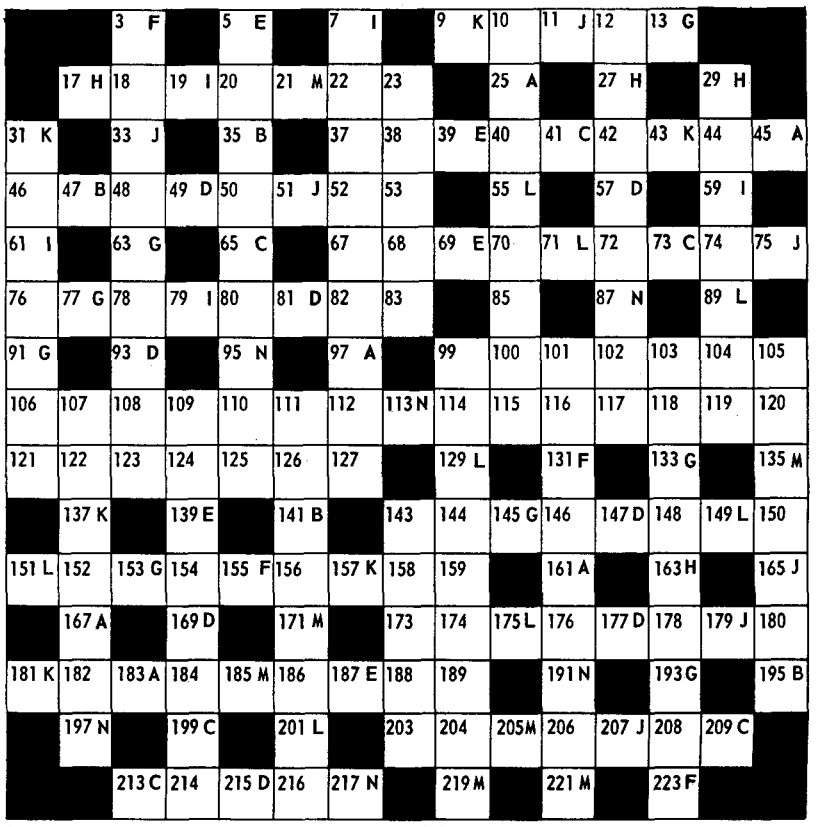
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A — 161 97 183 25 167 45 To strand or a color.

B — 35 47 141 195 "_____ dixit." Proverb.

C — 213 65 73 41 199 85 209 A division of the army.

D — 57 81 177 215 93 147 49 169 Preponderant influence or authority.

E — 5 39 69 139 187 "The criminal cried as he dropped him down,/In a state of wild_____." Gilbert, "The Mikado."

F — 155 131 223 3 "A youth of labour with an age of_____." Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village."

G — 13 91 145 153 193 77 133 63 Extend.

H — 27 17 29 163 "Tis man's perdition to be_____." Emerson, "Sacrifice."

I — 79 61 59 19 7 The Pentateuch.

J — 179 33 11 75 51 207 165 Mountain conquered by Sir Edmund Hillary.

K — 9 43 31 157 181 137 American President and the Acrostician's boss.

L — 89 175 201 151 149 71 55 129 "Virtue may be_____but never hurt." Milton, "Comus."

M — 21 135 219 205 185 171 221 Entertains sumptuously.

N — 197 113 191 217 95 87 Gulf in Southeast Asia.

ACROSS

9. Transport for a big shot?
17. Man of Agra, for example, or a horse and a sheep.
37. A lad finds it in a man with the help of a coach dog.
46. A rent that needs a patch or about the writer and his beverage (4,4).
67. The bar is back in clover when he dotes on shellfish (4,5).
76. Mrs. W. Shakespeare's birthplace may try those also.
99. Stir with ease? That's most unusual!
106. The Acrostician is concerned with all of it (3,12).
121. Caught forty winks? Aha! And softly, too! (3,1,3).
143. Capital in Africa which a moron may reach via changing.
151. The invader can be reduced to gross rage.
173. The detail officer, perhaps, rages about sin.
181. Are you in Lamour film with old grads where we went to school? (3,6).
203. Describing boatmen on the Mississippi and timid backward horses (4,3).
213. A golf club may make a hook, naturally.

DOWN

3. Moved northeast twice but still was poisoned.
5. Caused by the stirrer-upper who became a troublemaker.
7. Endured a muscular contraction to pad a march (3,1,5).
10. Mob where idea arose for Volstead beer (4,4).
12. A country now behind the Iron Curtain where A is on the overturn.
23. Splice two pieces of rope when the dew returns.
29. The part of the world where each fare sat (3,4).
31. Unlaces in an archaic form to soothe twoscore and ten.
99. Countersigning while expressing approval.
101. Running rings around the mare while supplying military aid again.
103. Certain fractions that raise levees to the nth degree.
105. The seeing place that has become the stage (alt. sp.).
107. A place for habituées to put the wash on the line.
109. Commodious vehicle that seems unlimited in capacity.
111. Lady rubber who uses same.
143. Low cries that alter man so much.

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one o'clock in the morning and work till eight. At eight I sleep for an hour and a half. Then I have something light to eat, and a cup of black coffee, and harness my wagon until four. I receive callers, I take a bath or go out, and after dinner I go back to bed. I have to live like this for months on end if I am not to be overwhelmed by my obligations." Thanks to this regimen and the narcotic effects of coarsely ground coffee drunk on an empty stomach in a concentration as thick as soup—("Then the mind is aroused, ideas pour out like the regiments of the *Grande Armée* over the battlefield. . . . Memories come charging in with flags flying; the light cavalry of comparisons extends itself in a magnificent gallop; the artillery of logic hurries along with its ammunition train; and flashes of wit bob up like sharpshooters")—Balzac could write a book in twenty days, as he did in the case of the first part of *Illusions Perdues*. But he shortened his life by much more than that in the process.

DESPITE Maurois's disclaimer of an intention of writing anything like a critical study of Balzac's works, he had a good deal to say about them. His analysis of the structure and purpose of the *Comédie Humaine* is a model of incisiveness and economy, and his remarks on the influence of Balzac's life upon the plots and settings of the individual novels and the psychology of their characters are always illuminating. Balzac could not keep himself out of his works. His early hungers and frustrations are embodied in Raphael de Valentin of *La Peau de Chagrin,* Lucien de Rubempré of *Illusions Perdues,* and the peripatetic Rastignac, whose first bitter confrontation with the realities of bourgeois society is described in *Le Père Goriot;* his visionary mysticism and search for the ultimate meaning of life in Louis Lambert and Daniel d'Arthez; his attitude toward power in the superman Ferragus and the archcriminal Vautrin, whose "last incarnation" is as a kind of J. Edgar Hoover of Paris. The cynicism that pervades some of Balzac's scenes of domestic life stems in part from his three years of apprenticeship in the law; and the failure of his printing shop and type foundry in 1828 is reflected in passages in *Illusions Perdues* and *César Birotteau.* Even his personal possessions had a way of straying into his stories, or out of them. He once showed a young friend around the collection of paintings he had brought together for his future wife, Eve Hanska. His visitor kept wondering where he had seen it before and suddenly realized that it was the collection of Cousin Pons.

THE NATURE of Balzac's real life, however, also imposed certain limitations upon his art and robbed the world he created of important dimensions. He was born in a family with a money fixation, and his life was spent seeking wealth, as were the lives of Grandet, Nucingen, Gobseck, and many of his other characters. Yet, as Maurois shrewdly observes, "It is the misfortune of writers in love with wealth that the people they consort with are generally wealthy," and the fact that this was so in Balzac's case weakened his ability to portray the deprived classes of society with the sureness that marks his descriptions of middle-class manners and morals. There are few industrial workers in the *Comédie Humaine,* and—despite what the Marxist critic Georg Lukács has written about *Les Paysans* in his *Studies in European Realism*—Balzac was never at his best in describing the agricultural workers and small proprietors of France.

In his own lifetime, Balzac was the object of persistent criticism and denigration; reviewers denied him talent and ranked him with second-raters like Eugène Sue or hacks like Paul de Kock, and even so highly regarded a critic as Sainte-Beuve could describe him, in a memorial article, as a lesser writer than George Sand. These judgments persisted in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a time when people were, in any event, too complacent about scientific and material progress to heed Balzac's hard truths and urgent warnings. It may be that the time has now come for a revival of his fortunes, even outside his own country. As Maurois points out, our age, with its political convulsions, its assassinations, conspiracies, and *ténébreuses affaires,* and its startling reversals of accepted values, is much nearer to Balzac. However that may be, it is likely that this excellent biography will induce many of its readers to read or reread *Le Père Goriot,* or *La Cousine Bette,* or *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or,* so deeply admired by Hofmannsthal, or even *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes.*

Mr. Denny's translation is both accurate and graceful. It is a pity, however, that he has not included the notes and bibliography of the French edition and that he has also omitted "a certain amount of peripheral matter—names, dates, places, topical allusions—more interesting and intelligible to French than to English readers." Readers should be given the privilege of deciding for themselves what they want to skip. As for the index, it is entirely inadequate, listing only the names of real persons. If Adolphe Thiers deserves to be included, why doesn't Rastignac? It is, after all, easier to believe in the latter than in the former.

Unpacific Genius

HAYES B. JACOBS

GAUGUIN IN THE SOUTH SEAS, by Bengt Danielsson. Translated by Reginald Spink. *Doubleday.* $7.95.

In 1951, on the tiny island of Hivaoa in the Marquesas, the Swedish anthropologist, author, and *Kon-Tiki* voyager Bengt Danielsson chanced to meet a retired French schoolmaster, Guillaume Le Bronnec. They began to discuss Paul Gauguin, who spent the last two years of his life on Hivaoa. Le Bronnec had never known Gauguin, but he could assure Danielsson that much of what had been written about the painter was clouded by misinterpretation, naïveté, and plain error. He could also lead Danielsson to people who had known Gauguin well, including a Catholic bish-

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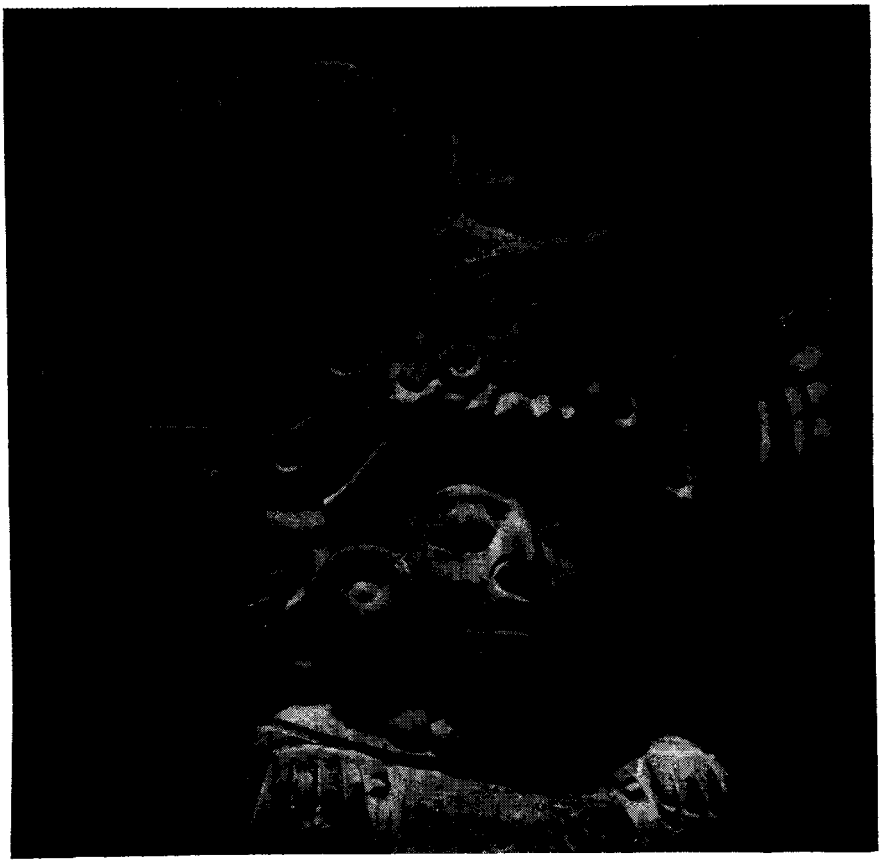
op (who held less than favorable opinions of the painter) and a former government official in Tahiti.

A book was inevitable, and it is here now, in translation from the Swedish, and wrapped in a garish, tasteless jacket that I hope won't frighten off readers. It is a triumph of truth over distortion and nonsense—a straightforward, detailed account, with no misleading, romantic flourishes. It examines the man and his South Seas milieu, and not, at least in aesthetic terms, his art. Even so, it offers several new revelations concerning his theories of art. The work's thoroughness, range, and candor will make it *the* book on Gauguin for years to come.

WE LEARN that Polynesia and Gauguin, despite a close relationship, never understood each other; that in spite of the magnificent art that resulted, the affair was a mismatch from the first tentative embrace in 1891. What passed for an alliance was but a twitching, unmanageable juxtaposition of opposites.

We see a morbidly unhappy, egocentric, and arrogant Frenchman—displaced but determinedly ever the Frenchman, passing up free breadfruit for canned asparagus he could not afford. He arrived in Tahiti with a sick spirit, having earlier declared that "I have reason for despising a large proportion of humanity." His long hair and eccentric garb (brown velvet suit, purple shoes) led the natives to think at first that he was a *mahu,* a homosexual. Tahiti was more civilized than he had been led to believe. He was bored in the society of French officialdom and unacceptable to all but a few of his fellow colonials. Before long he was so diseased of body as to be physically repulsive to the smiling, yielding *vahines* who had tried to make at least one phase of his new life tolerable. He could not, did not, "go native"; he remained aloof and unassimilable, not even bothering to learn the language; always tied by heartstring and purse string—both badly frayed —to Europe.

Meticulously, Danielsson reconstructs the scene and the characters from a huge array of sources, including hitherto unexamined letters



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and reports in government archives in Tahiti, and new letters to, from, and about Gauguin himself. It is a splendid achievement. Given the time and the will, many competent historians and biographers might have done the research; the unique contributions here are the social anthropologist's insights and cool detachment, and the deep knowledge of a place and a people. Much of "the problem" to be studied, after all, was that old anthropological specialty—culture clash.

Among other praiseworthy accomplishments, the author has been able to redate and "retitle" or explicate the titles of many of the pictures. In one instance he writes: "The market life inspired one of Gauguin's best-known Tahitian pictures, *Ta Matete,* which is now in the *Kunstmuseum* at Basel. (The apparently Tahitian title—in which the first word should be the definite article *te,* and not *ta*—is actually a corruption of the English word 'market.')" Elsewhere he notes that Gauguin confused singulars and plurals, thereby calling a picture *Te Tamari No Atua* ("God's Sons") when he meant "The Son of God." The close study of such details never descends to pedantic nit-picking. It is part of a quest for truth, and serves to demonstrate the significant point that Gauguin's knowledge of Tahitian was deficient. The implication follows that since he did not grasp even the rudiments of the language, he was bound to have had imperfect understanding of the people.

But then one may ask whether his very lack of understanding did not serve his artistic purpose. He rarely stopped painting or sculpting; was he not led on partly because everyone and everything about him continued to have the appeal of the mysterious and exotic? Now that Danielsson has laid so steady a foundation of fact, there are appealing and important tasks ahead for the aestheticians.

While visiting in Europe in 1895, Gauguin was interviewed by a Paris newspaper. The revealing article, never previously reprinted, noted that to most people he was "just a humbug." When the reporter inquired about his "orange rivers and red dogs," Gauguin admitted to distorting nature; Raphael, Rembrandt, Velásquez, Botticelli, Cranach all did the same, he said. Nor would he agree that he was revolutionary. All artists whose work differs from that of their predecessors could be called revolutionary, he said, adding that "I have become reconciled to the idea that I shall remain misunderstood for a long time to come."

The accuracy of his prediction is reflected in the final third of the book, which traces his course back to Tahiti, on to the Marquesas, to his final dissolution and death. It was a period in which he suffered heart attacks, attempted suicide, stopped creating, and hired himself out as a draftsman and then as a hack journalist to write on either side, as requested, of Catholic-Protestant controversies.

There are some small flaws in the book. It is exasperating to find, within quoted passages, the author's interpolations set off by parentheses instead of brackets, with the result that one must often backtrack to make sure exactly whose words he is reading. There is an astonishing reference to Tahitian manufacture, in the 1890's, of "soft drinks, chiefly Alka-Seltzer water." (The Swedish text, I discovered, reads *"alka-selzervatten,"* so the translator seems to have gone out of his way to amplify the gaffe.) Throughout the text, numerous verbs are glaringly in the wrong tense, creating confusion. Redundancies ("general consensus of opinion"), crippled syntax ("As the only native to sit at his table, Gauguin would sometimes invite Tioka the carpenter . . ."), and other crudities led me to conclude—incorrectly, I am told, though I retain doubt—that English is not the translator's native language.

The author's many notes are both interesting and helpful, and they are placed unobtrusively at the back. There is also a full index. Superb photographs, in color and black and white, informatively captioned, enhance the work and help make it worth owning as well as reading. It may sound as if it were a long book, but it has only 293 pages—another tribute to Danielsson's skill.

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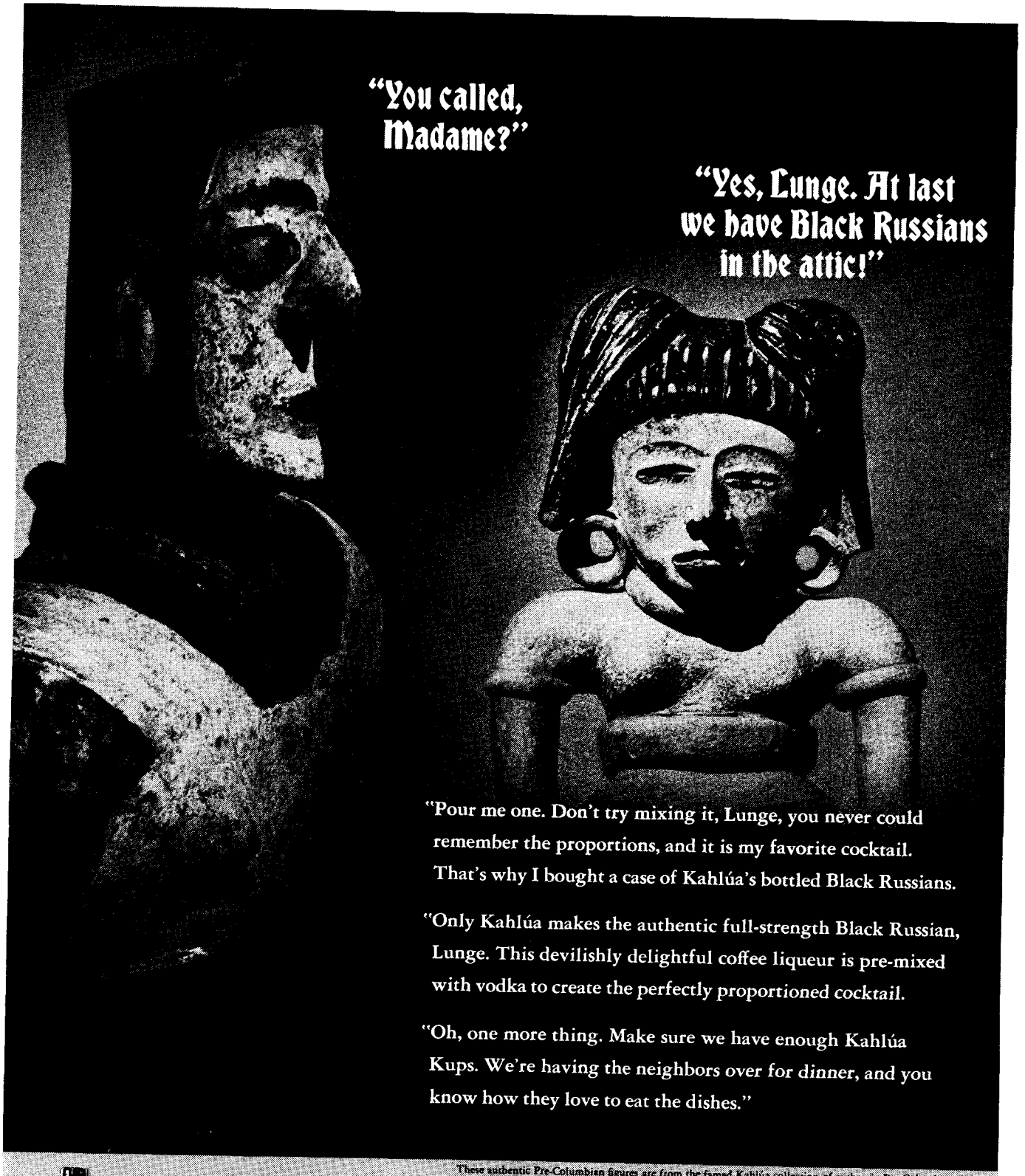

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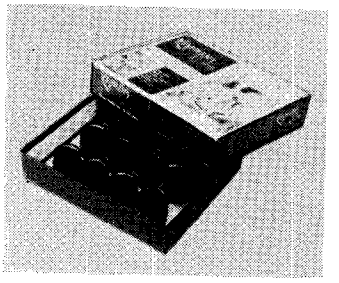

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